



No. 559.—Vol. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MR. JOHN HARE,
AS THE EARL OF CHARLTON IN "LITTLE MARY," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photograph by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

Tom B.

MR. PINERO, I am afraid, is getting old-fashioned. He is still, of course, our leading dramatist, but he does not take the trouble, apparently, to keep himself in touch with modern people or modern views of life. "Letty," his new play produced on Thursday evening last at the Duke of York's, is a brilliantly clever study of certain types of Londoners who strutted, and loved, and gesticulated, and sobbed some fifteen or twenty years ago. Take, for example, that commercial traveller in the loud check suit; if he walked down the Strand in those garments to-day, every cabman would turn to jeer at him and every urchin would trot at his heels in the hope that he was about to perform. Then there is the agent for an insurance company, who introduces himself to prospective clients by remarking, in sepulchral tones, "In the midst of life we are in death." But the broadest caricature of all is the dressmaker's assistant, a gorgeously clad young person who speaks like a 'bus-conductor, drinks freely of port and champagne "within the space of a few hours," and, when she is invited to a tea-party in a gentleman's rooms, pilfers peaches and conceals them in her pocket. I am glad none of my young friends who happen to be employed in dressmaking establishments behave like that. I think I shall give a special tea-party in their defence and invite Mr. Pinero.

"Letty," as a matter of fact, is not a modern drama at all. It is a costume comedy, and will probably be regarded by the next generation as a link between the domesticities of Robertson and the flippancies of Barrie. In the meantime, the vast host of Mr. Pinero's admirers will go to see the play, and will find a great deal in it to justify their passionate admiration. The various scenes on the roof-top in the second Act are beautifully written, and the Epilogue is a very dainty, very touching piece of work. The strong scene at the end of the fourth Act, however, failed to move me, and that despite the clever acting of Mr. H. B. Irving. And that scene, unfortunately, was Mr. Irving's one chance; in the quiet scenes he reminded me, irresistibly, of his admirable butler. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a better part, but one never felt quite sure whether Letty was a good girl, or a bad girl, or something between the two. Perhaps Mr. Pinero followed the method of certain novelists, and allowed the character to "develop itself." A truly delightful idea. As to the other people in the piece. . . . But stay! If I say much more about "Letty," these gentle frivolities will begin to take on the appearance of a dramatic criticism. Let me turn, then, to a subject that really lies within my own province.

Under the title, "A School of Journalism," a writer in the current number of *T. P.'s Weekly* gives a very amusing account of his experiences as a pupil of the late David Anderson. "David," it seems, preferred, when addressing his pupils, to adopt the attitude of a philosopher rather than that of a Pressman. "Do not get married," was one of his stock maxims. Surely that piece of advice alone should have been worth the modest premium of a hundred guineas! And David would emphasise his warning in this way: "The worst of marriage for a young man is that he always marries the wrong woman. Getting married is worse than taking to drink. A man can give up drinking. He cannot give up being married." Splendid! I am surprised that the writer of this article should begrudge those paltry guineas. He admits, however, that a certain number of the pupils paid their premium to discover that journalism was by no means their vocation. For himself, of course, he was prevented from taking that lesson to heart by a belief in his own ability—a belief, I hasten to add, that is amply justified by the cleverness of his contribution to *T. P.'s Weekly*.

In that treasury of vivid verse, "The Five Nations," Rudyard Kipling has included a Tommy Atkins ditty on the important question of boots—

Try—try—try—to think o' something different—
Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down again!)
There's no discharge in the war.

Mr. Atkins, you see, objected to the quantity of boots that plodded in front of him across the veldt. I, too, have a grievance against boots, but it is on the score of quality. Try as I will, I cannot find a pair of boots that will keep out the wet. I mean, of course, light boots, fit to wear in London. I can buy comfortable boots, I can buy elegant boots, but I cannot buy boots that are comfortable and elegant and water-tight. In a recent County Court case it was shown that a great many boots have inner soles of cardboard. I suppose mine are like that, the consequence being that, whenever the pavements are wet, I have to take a 'bus, or a train, or a cab. Small wonder that, in my despair, I turn to Kipling, who never fails to supply me with expletives suitable for every occasion—

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils dark or anything
But boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

My newsagent and I have had a tiff. It happened in this way. When the date of publication of the *Daily Mirror* was announced, I called at the shop and asked my newsagent to secure me a copy. He said he would. Two mornings later, on looking at the front-page of the *Daily Mail*, I read that, "a great many people will ask for the first number of the *Daily Mirror* and will be disappointed." Without delay, therefore, I hurried round to my newsagent and told him to be very careful to keep my copy. The fellow grunted, and dived into his parlour to resume his breakfast. Three mornings later, I read: "Only those who order *now* will get it on November 2nd." That was awful! I ran round to the newsagent's, and explained to him that I wished to re-order the paper then and there. His manner, I noticed, was a little distant, and he mumbled something to the effect that he had never had so much bother about a penny since he started in business. I pretended not to hear, and left the shop with my chin in the air. The very next morning, the *Daily Mail* warned me that my newsagent might refuse to supply me with the first number of the *Daily Mirror*, but I must insist. With a copy of the *Mail* in my hand, therefore, I stalked round to the shop and dared the scoundrel to deprive me of my copy. And now, out of sheer spite, he has left off sending the *Daily Mail*!

In certain aggressively optimistic moods, I am fond of asserting that the weather in London doesn't matter. To a certain extent—and setting aside, for the moment, the worry of wet pavements and cardboard boots—that is perfectly true. But I cannot, at present, bring myself to believe that, in London, the change of seasons doesn't matter. In time, no doubt, as my spirit becomes more feeble and my back more bent, I shall be able to look, with an indifferent eye, upon the bursting bud and the yellowing leaf. In time, when my senses have become numbed, I shall be able to note, without emotion, the fragrant warmth of the early summer, or the cheery, invigorating nip of the approaching winter. But Apathy, that cynical spectre, has not caught up with me as yet, and so it happens that I cannot feel the autumn wind upon my brow without longing for the hills and dales of wooded, maternal Warwickshire. In London, as in the country, the October rain beats upon my window, but the rattle of the jangling traffic turns the music of the song to discord. In London, as in the country, the October moon strews cool kisses across my midnight path, but, even as I stoop to gather them, they are trodden and mangled beneath the unwieldy foot of some cumbersome policeman.

"Boots—boots—boots—boots . . ."

MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "LETTY" SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(For Criticism see Page 448.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The "H.A.C." in America—Eccentric Dinners at Sherry's—Old Fashions in Uniforms.

SHERRY'S in New York, where the "H.A.C.," now making a triumphal gastronomic progress through the States, ate a mammoth dinner, has a homely name, but it is one of the great restaurants of America and of the world. It has always been a rival to Delmonico's, and since the latter eating-place moved "up-town" the two restaurants are in the same thoroughfare. It is at Sherry's that many of those eccentric dinners which the New Yorkers are so fond of are given. One of America's gilded youth one day felt that his soul yearned for country scenes and for country delights, so he gave a rustic dinner at Sherry's to his friends. The room in which they dined was converted, so far as was possible, into a forest-glade, and on the grass which formed the floor little rabbits and other woodland animals ran about.

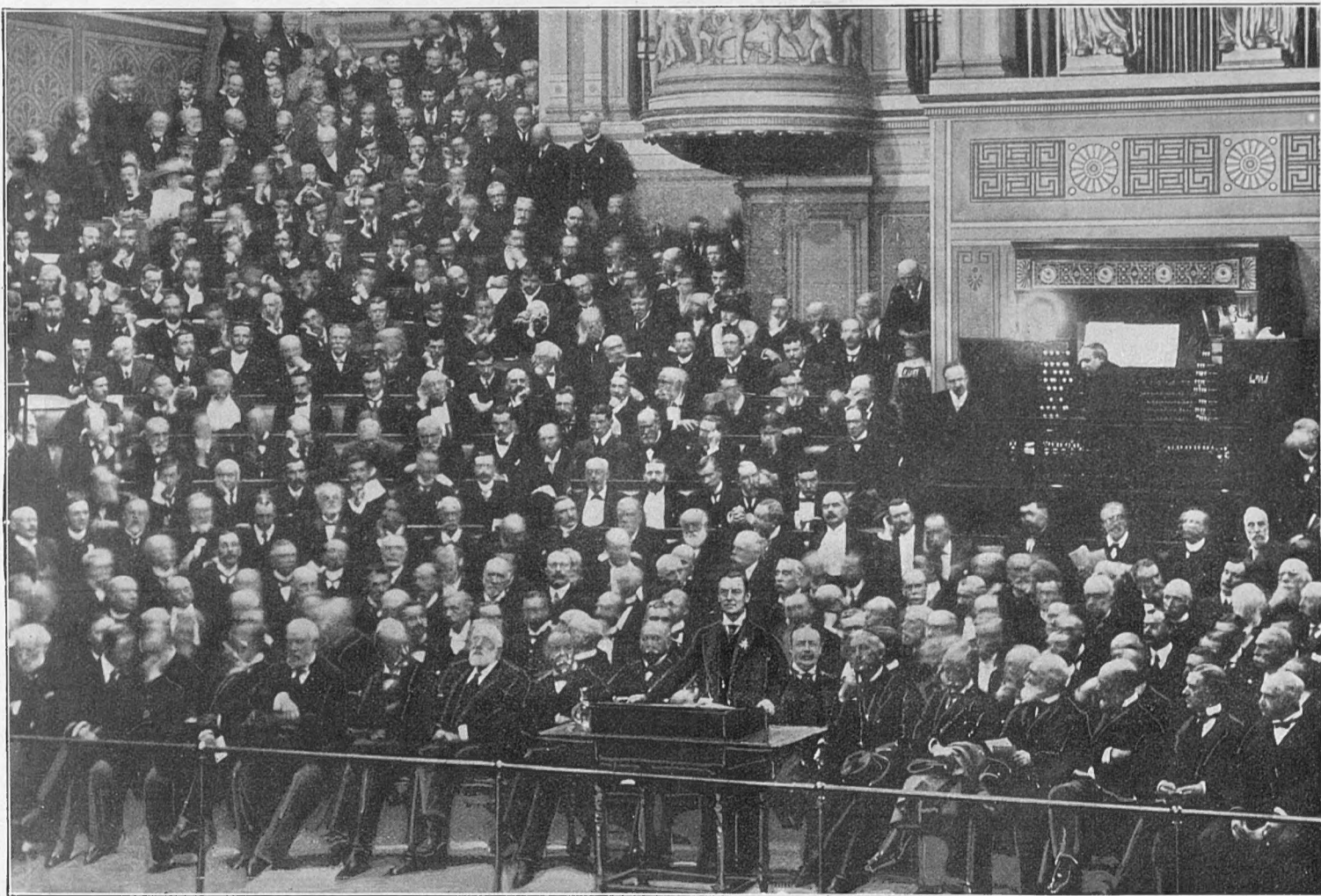
Another eccentric dinner at Sherry's was one which was eaten in the interior of an egg which had been built up in a room, and yet another for which the dining-hall had become an aviary. I once dined at Sherry's with an American host who was unhappy unless he spent more money than his neighbours, and our dinner was an "ivory" one. All the decorations were in ivory-colour, the flowers were creamy in hue, and every guest was given a handsome ivory present. Mine was a Japanese nitsuky of carved ivory which must have cost many dollars. The lady whom I took in to dinner was delighted with her gift, which was an ivory fan, but she confided in me that she hoped that she would be on deck when the invitations to a diamond dinner were sent round. I do not remember whether the most eccentric dinner on record—the one eaten on horseback—was served at Sherry's. I rather fancy not, for the proprietor is too good a judge of good living to encourage anything so uncomfortable as trying to eat a dinner on the back of a restive horse.

At Sherry's one eats curry made by an Indian Prince. He is not really a Prince, but he thought that he was, as Mr. Fred Upton would say. A curry-cook, born under an Indian sky and educated to Anglo-Saxon surroundings at the Hôtel Cecil, was engaged at Sherry's, and his curries met with such success that he was told to enlarge his sphere of operations and to engage from India any of his relatives and friends who were good curry-makers. He came over to England to meet his dusky subordinates, and the idea occurred to him to try how it felt to be a Prince. So a Prince he was, lived in a Westminster hotel with his suite, and, instead of salaaming to patrons who ate his curries, he was bowed to by obsequious white men. He left

England still a Prince, and crossed to Canada. It was in a Canadian city that suspicion was aroused that his blood was not quite as blue as his skin was brown, and he arrived at New York as just a curry-cook and nothing more. Sherry's was at one time much in the mouths of Londoners, for it was said that Walsingham House was to be converted into a typical American hotel and was to be Sherry's in London. The Carlton Hotel syndicate, however, had their eye on the building and secured it.

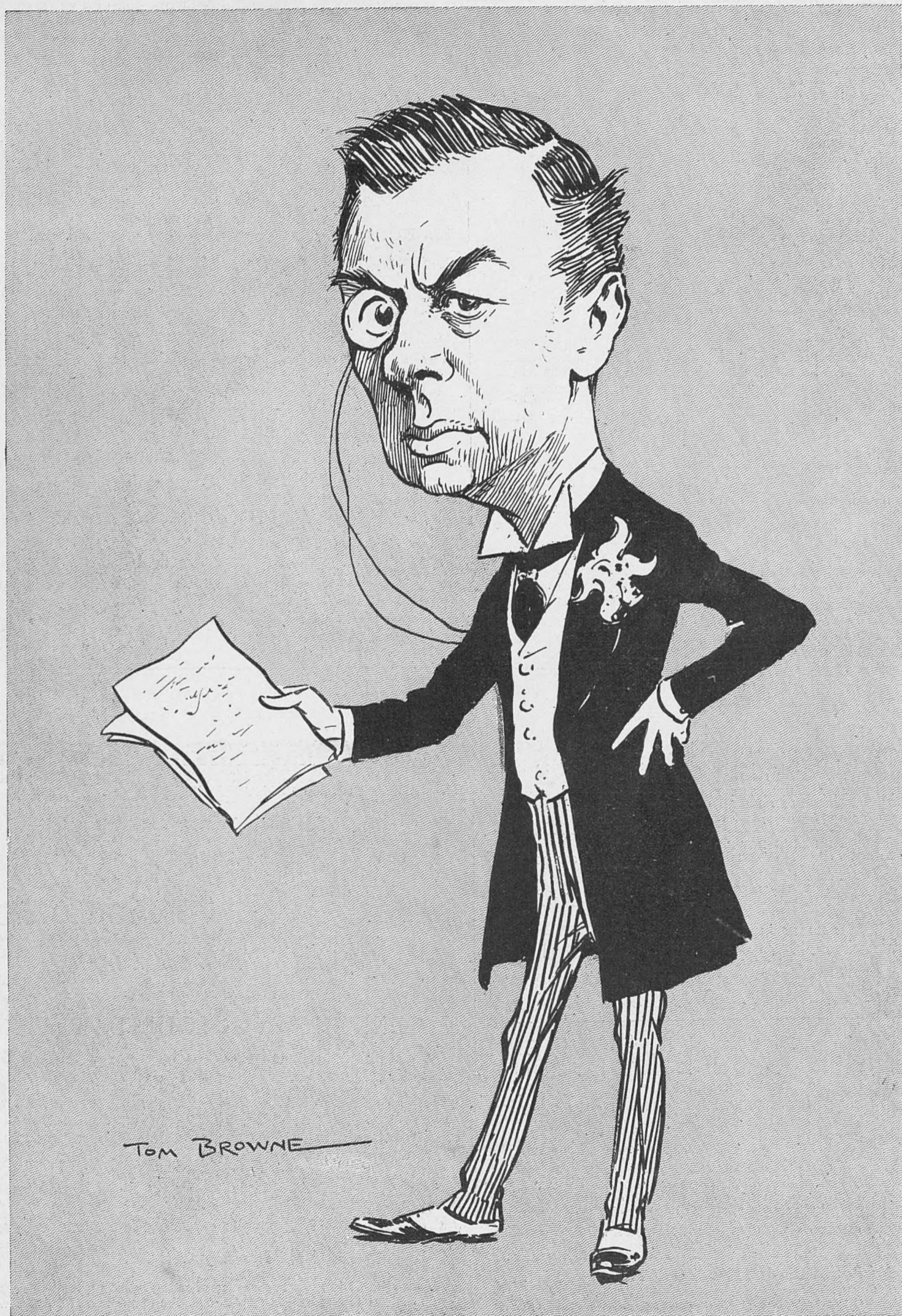
The "H.A.C.," when they return to London, will have great tales to tell of the American veterans whom they met and who entertained them. The Volunteer organisations of the United States have a fondness for the old-fashioned uniforms their great-grandfathers wore, and in most of the great cities the full-dress of the veterans is the high shako and the long-tailed "claw-hammer" coat in which their ancestors fought for liberty against a certain nation which made itself objectionable over a matter of tea-duties and other things. When he goes fighting, Uncle Sam wears a most sensible campaigning dress, but his civil soldiers love a little show on their parades, and in some towns one may see as much gold on the sleeve of a private of the Town Guard as one will on that of a British General. Some of the American corps carry their love of the old uniforms and accoutrements and arms so far as to carry muskets of a bygone date, and at Washington one distinguished body of veterans shoulder old flintlocks. In the head-dress of the infantry of the "H.A.C." the Americans will see one of the few links our Army keeps with the dress of days gone by. The "bearskin" which the "H.A.C." infantry and the Guard regiments wear is the only remembrance in clothing our Army retains nowadays of the times when fighting was generally hand-to-hand at the close of a battle and when each nation strove to make its soldiers look as tall as possible and as ferocious as possible as they came towards the opposing line.

Nowadays, the efforts of our Generals are directed chiefly to keep their men as invisible as may be, but it was not so in the days when no man fired until he could see the whites of his enemy's eyes and when pike and bayonet decided the fate of the majority of fights. The French, who under the great Napoleon wore head-dresses more fear-compelling than any other nation, have become so severely practical that only their Drum-Majors wear high headgear; the Russians and the Germans keep the strange sugar-loaf hat in a couple of regiments as a memory of brave days of long ago; and the Americans put their cadets and their old soldiers into coatees and tall shakos. Our Gentlemen-at-Arms, in their red coats with long tails, and carrying their halberds, and our Scottish Archers are the types of past fighters we can show. I am told, however, that Austria can exhibit a corps of Archers of the Guard even more archaic than our Scottish veterans.



HISTORY IN MAKING: MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT ST. ANDREW'S HALL, GLASGOW (OCT. 6).

Photograph by Maclure, Macdonald, and Co., Glasgow.



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DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NEWMARKET is once more enjoying the welcome presence of our popular King, and most of the great leaders of Society who have houses in the vicinity are, of course, there, ready and anxious to act as hostess to His Majesty should he deign to honour them with his company at lunch or dinner. The quaint little Cambridgeshire town has been called the headquarters of the British racing world; this is, perhaps, owing to the

fact that so many of the most famous racehorses the civilised world has produced were trained on the famous Limekilns. There the King has enjoyed many an early morning gallop before breakfast.

His Majesty's Newmarket Quarters.

When in Cambridgeshire, the King prefers to occupy his delightful rooms in the Jockey Club instead of being the guest, as he might be, of some of his friends who own houses at Newmarket. The most noted Sporting Club in the world has had its own habitation at Newmarket for just over a hundred and fifty years, but, of course, all sorts of additions and improvements have been made even to the present old-fashioned-looking building; and, though the Royal rooms are probably the smallest which are ever inhabited by the Sovereign, they are thoroughly comfortable and enable His Majesty to entertain a few friends to lunch or dinner. Among those who have the privilege of entertaining the King under their own roof may be specially mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rothchild, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire—who often entertain a large family-party—Lord and Lady Wolverton, and last, not least, Sir Ernest Cassel, who now owns the famous Moulton Paddocks. At the curiously named house, "The Kremlin," many noted bachelor-parties take place year after year.

Last Week's Royal Wedding.

The Royal and Imperial gathering at Darmstadt held last week was one of the most brilliant that had taken place for many a long day, quite recalling those family weddings at which our late revered Sovereign so delighted to be present, whether the ceremony took place at Darmstadt or, as was often the case of late years, in the capital of the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Few Royal lovers begin life so pleasantly as Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece. The very fact that they are not blessed with immense wealth will, perhaps, make their youthful married life more pleasant than it would otherwise have been, and certainly the Czar's little wedding-present of a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds should make the course of true love run smoothly for a while. Time was when almost every Royal marriage meant a double wedding ceremony—in this case the bridegroom belongs to the Greek Church, while the pretty bride is, of course, Lutheran; of the two ceremonials, the Greek is, of course, far the more picturesque. Queen Alexandra's wonderful beauty—for Her Majesty wore a gown of purple tulle and the all-round diamond diadem which suits her best—was the cause of much delighted remark among the Germans present. Their Majesties presented their nephew and niece with silver plate, including a fine centre-piece. The young Princess insisted that her wedding-cake should be made by a London firm.

Mrs. Atherton.

Mrs. Atherton is the daughter of the late Sir Edward Dean Paul, and has long been a reigning beauty in military society. Her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Atherton, served with distinction in the Boer War, and Mrs. Atherton was one of the many ladies who went out to South Africa in order to be as near "the Front" as possible. She has a great love for literature and is an enthusiastic supporter of the drama.

The Old Statesman and the New.

To-day (the 14th) two well-known political figures celebrate their birthday—Sir William Harcourt, who is seventy-six, and Lord Hugh Cecil, who is thirty-four. Both politically and physically the two men form a piquant contrast. Sir William's ample form and double, if not treble, chin lend themselves most readily to Mr. Linley Sambourne's graceful mastery of line; while Lord Hugh's thin, eager face and emaciated frame exactly suit "F. C. G." Unforgettable is that picture of Sir William bearing a tray of melons, which turned out, on close inspection, to be a tray of Harcourts, for each had the Harcourt countenance. Lord Hugh is always represented by Mr. Gould as the ascetic, domineering, crafty priest, and certainly he is about the most clerically minded layman in the House. The youngest of the late Lord Salisbury's five sons, he is regarded as the cleverest of the Cecil's, and has been independent enough to rebel more than once against his cousin, the Prime Minister.



MRS. ATHERTON, A REIGNING BEAUTY IN MILITARY SOCIETY.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, New Bond Street, W.

Exeter's Sir Edgar. Sir Edgar Vincent, the Free Trade member for Exeter and the husband of Lady Helen Vincent, is so different a man from his energetically Protectionist brother, Sir Howard, that it is sometimes hard to realise that they are even related. Sir Edgar spent five years in the Coldstream Guards, and then was appointed to represent not only this country but also Belgium and Holland on the Council of the Turkish Debt, of which he was soon made President. Probably there is no one living who knows more about "the Sick Man of Europe" and his pecuniary embarrassments than Sir Edgar. After putting in six useful years as Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, he returned to Constantinople and governed the Imperial Ottoman Bank for eight years more, retiring in 1897. Two years later he was elected Conservative member for Exeter. He married Lady Helen Duncombe, one of Lord Feversham's famous group of lovely daughters, while he was still in Constantinople. Now they live at Esher Place, where they frequently have the honour of entertaining the King and other Royal personages. He has three family mottoes, each containing a bad pun: "Virtute non viribus vincent," "Non nisi vincenti," and "Vincent qui se vincent."

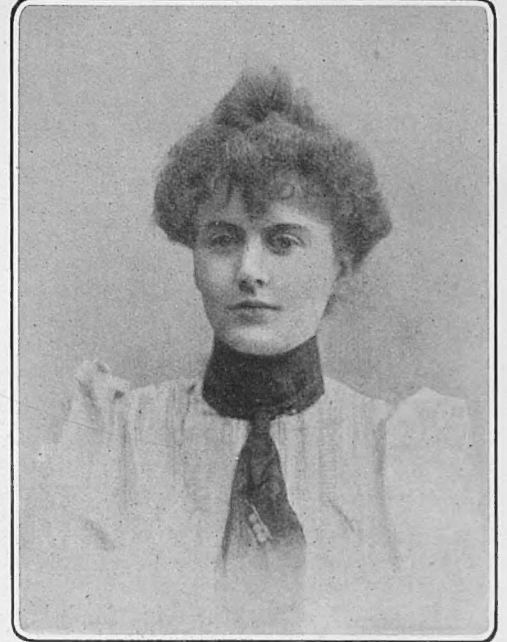
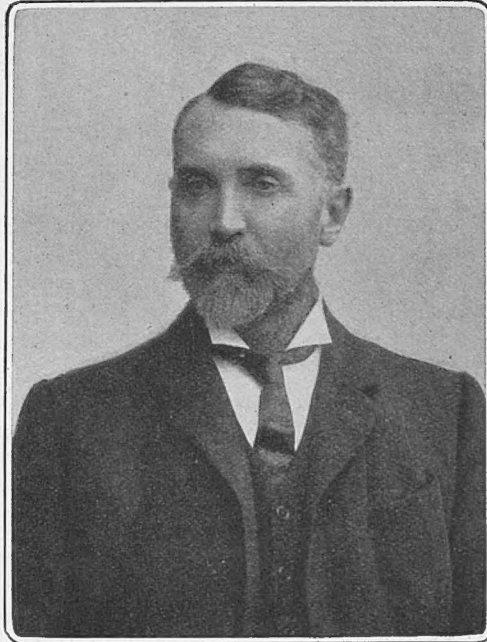
Miss Mabel Beardsley. Miss Mabel Beardsley, the charming young actress whose engagement has just been announced, bears a name honoured in the annals of British art, for she is the sister of the late Aubrey Beardsley, that marvellous young genius whose premature death was so great a loss to the world which delighted in his strange, weird drawings. Miss Beardsley early made up her mind to go on the stage, and she received every help and encouragement from her gifted brother, who was very proud of her first successes and of her singular beauty. Realising that on the stage, as everywhere else, genius is only another name for hard work, Miss Beardsley has been an indefatigable player, perfecting herself in every branch of her difficult and absorbing art and contributing to the success of many a noteworthy play. It is to be hoped that her coming marriage will not take her away from the profession which she adorns.

The New Colonial Secretary. Mr. Lyttelton is one of the few members who are equally popular on both sides of the House of Commons. Although a strong partisan, he avoids Party recrimination. He is an amiable, smiling man of sunny temperament. To outsiders he is known as an athlete rather than as a politician, but he is respected in the House for his shrewdness and moderation and for his high character. He is a pleasant and easy speaker. It is, however, a great descent to Mr. Lyttelton from

Mr. Chamberlain in Parliamentary power as well as in statesmanship. His appointment is an experiment.

Mr. Graham Murray.

It is very unusual for a law officer to receive an administrative post. Mr. Graham Murray has obtained official promotion in exchanging the office of Lord Advocate for that of Secretary for Scotland, but he gives up a salary of £5000 to take one of £2000. Probably he



SIR EDGAR VINCENT, M.P., AND LADY HELEN VINCENT.

Photographs by Denny, Teignmouth.

will have his reward. He is the cleverest Lord Advocate that Scotland has sent to Westminster for many a year, and his aims and aspirations centre in London rather than in Edinburgh. He loves London and he is a favourite in the smart set of Society. Scottish lawyers are, as a rule, indifferent Parliamentarians, but Mr. Graham Murray is at home in the House of Commons. Perhaps he would be still more effective as a debater than he is if he did not play with a string or red tape while addressing the House. He is a personal friend of the Prime Minister and he has several times been a guest of the King.

The Young Chancellor.

Although nearly double the age at which Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain has obtained this great office very much earlier than it was obtained by recent predecessors. Undoubtedly, his chief qualification is that he is his father's son, and his administration will be criticised very closely. Still, everything that he has been called upon to do he has done well. No other interest has diverted his attention from politics. His is a life without a lady. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is a diligent, ambitious, shrewd man of affairs, taking advantage of every opportunity. His rise has been rapid. It is true he did not step—as his father stepped—into the Cabinet without previous experience, but he was in high office at an age at which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was engaged in business. He began as Civil Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Goschen, then he was Secretary to the Treasury as a colleague of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. For a year he has been in the Cabinet as Postmaster-General, and now he is second man on the Treasury Bench at the age of forty.

"The Duke." Everyone who knew the Duke of Devonshire was sure that, at his own time, he would retire from Mr. Balfour's Government. The Duke is always a little late. He took more time for reflection than Mr. Ritchie, but, in the end, he followed the same course. Perhaps his Grace will never again seek office, unless there should be a Coalition Free Trade Government. He is at home in a coalition. Although he could not follow Mr. Gladstone into Home Rule, he has refused to follow Mr. Chamberlain into Protection. Mr. Balfour's reply to him betrayed pique. There was a sly reference to "weighty." Probably the Prime Minister felt a little uncomfortable in his Grace's company. The Duke is a veteran of Parliament and is held in immense respect, but, although he is very well preserved for his years, he must be tired and bored.



MISS MABEL BEARDSLEY, THE CHARMING YOUNG ACTRESS WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

*Another
War Minister.*

The great military department in Pall Mall is the grave of political reputations. Mr. Arnold-Forster is an ambitious man and has an opportunity of justifying his ambition by succeeding where others have failed. He does not belong to the great governing families; he has been a hard-working director of Cassell and Co., the publishers, but what he lacked in social influence he made up for in brains. His face is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He stoops and meditates as he walks. To his department he will give his full mind, and sentiment will not obstruct his reforming zeal. Mr. Arnold-Forster is a nephew of the late Matthew Arnold and was the adopted son of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster.

*Mr. Chamberlain's
Campaign.*

The strain of recent events was perceptible on Mr. Chamberlain's face when he opened his new campaign at Glasgow. He looked older and less brisk than during the Session. Nevertheless his speech was completely successful as an oratorical effort. He seized the imagination of his audience at once and kept it till the last. His programme excited the liveliest interest, but no passage of his speech was more heartily cheered than that in which he expressed his loyalty to Mr. Balfour. Mrs. Chamberlain, who sat in a side-gallery, looked happy and proud.



LADY WALLSCOURT, A PRETTY IRISH PEERESS.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

*A Pretty Irish
Peeress.*

Ireland certainly holds the sceptre as regards the beauty of her Peeresses, and among Irish Peeresses few can compare in personal loveliness with young Lady Wallscourt, who, the daughter of a noted Civil Servant, Sir William Palliser, became Lord Wallscourt's second wife some seven years ago. Lady Wallscourt is much the same age as are her step-children—indeed, her husband's eldest son and heir married only a few months after his own father had become the husband of Miss May Palliser. Lady Wallscourt is clever and cultivated, she is fond of travelling, and last year was one of the bright and particular stars of the English colony on the Riviera. She often acts as chaperon to girls scarcely younger than herself, among those who sometimes go out into the world under her wing being the pretty Misses Guedalla.

A Novelist's Wife. Mrs. Guy Boothby is as devoted to dogs as is her famous husband; he and she together devised the splendid kennels at Sunbury where their canine pets were better lodged than are many human beings. While Mr. Boothby is devoted to bulldogs, his wife's favourites are greyhounds, and at one time she was the happy owner of the curiously named "Southborough Reality," whose triumphs were innumerable and whose name was known throughout the whole of the dog world. Mrs. Boothby is an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's weird and wonderful fiction.

*The Châtelaine of
Ruthin Castle.*

Among modern mothers there are few who can point to two lovely daughters who are one a Princess and the other a Duchess. This, however, is the good fortune of Mrs. Cornwallis-West, still a noted Society beauty as well as being among the wittiest of her sex. The châtelaine



MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

of Ruthin Castle was a Miss Fitzpatrick, and her charm is inherited from a long line of Irish wits. As a young married woman, her extraordinary personal loveliness made her the reigning belle of half-a-dozen Seasons. Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West are very fortunate in their homes, for, in addition to the splendid Welsh castle where they have so often had the privilege of entertaining Royal visitors, they own on the Solent a delightful old house, "Newlands," of which the splendid grounds were originally part of the New Forest.



MRS. GUY BOOTHBY AND "PRINCE GALETZA."

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.



THE COMTESSE DE
CHABANNES.

Photograph by Beresford.

Among the many charming Frenchwomen who know English perfectly and who have many friends in this country, there are few so distinguished and interesting as the Comtesse A. de la Palice Chabannes, who was, before her marriage, a Mdle. de Polignac, and who is descended from Charles the Tenth's famous Minister, as well as from the delightful and brilliant musician whose compositions are greatly admired on the Continent. The Comtesse de Chabannes has a delightful Paris home in the Rue Dosne, in that leafy old suburb of Paris, Passy. She and her husband both have artistic tastes, and this probably is why they have chosen to dwell in what is essentially the artists' quarter of the Gay City.

The quaint ceremony of electing one of the Aldermen "below the Chair" to fill the office of Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year took place recently in the Guildhall, Sir James Thomson Ritchie, K.B., J.P., the first on the list, being unanimously selected. Sir James is a son of the late Mr. William Ritchie, of Rockhill, Forfarshire, and is three years older than his distinguished brother, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Elected an Alderman in 1891, he served as Sheriff during the Mayoralty of Sir George Faudel-Phillips, and was then knighted. He is a "J.P." for London and Middlesex and his guilds are the Shipwrights' and Bakers' Companies. The new Lord Mayor is very popular in the City and is head of the firm of Messrs. W. Ritchie and Sons, Jute Spinners and Merchants. As he is a widower, Miss Ritchie, the eldest of his six daughters, will perform the duties of hostess at the Mansion House during his term of office. Sir James has a fine house in the West-End and a beautiful place in the Isle of Wight.

*The Princess and
the Hospital.*

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with the energy in a good cause which is so characteristic of the Royal Family, has become the Patroness of the International Hospital of Venice. The ceremony of opening the hospital has just been performed by the Princess, and among those present on the occasion were the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Lady Helen Vincent, Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Layard, Lady Sinclair, and Mr. Horatio Brown. After the ceremony the party visited the hospital, and then a garden-party was given

by Lady Layard in honour of the Princess. The hospital will be of the greatest use at Venice, for many sailors of all nations, especially English, visit the "Queen of the Adriatic."

*The Czarevitch and
his Betrothed.*

The marriage of the Czarevitch to the Duchess Cécile of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will not take place at Cannes, as was at first arranged. It appears that there is an old tradition in the Russian Royal Family that the wedding of the heir to the throne must take place in St. Petersburg, and as the Czar has no son, and his brother is, therefore, his heir, the ceremony will have to be performed in the capital. The Czarina, the Dowager Czarina, and all their predecessors have made their conversion into the Orthodox Church and have then been married at St. Petersburg, and, anxious as the Duchess Cécile was to be married, like her sister, at Cannes, she will not be allowed to break through the custom.

*King James's
Statue.*

The fine statue of James II. which used to stand in front of Gwydyr House, Whitehall, has of late years been without a resting-place. In the Diamond Jubilee year it was removed and placed on its side among the shrubs, to make room for an official Stand, and since that time there has been a good deal of argument

about a fitting site for it, but nothing has been done. It was at one time proposed to take it down to Hampton Court, which would have been a most inappropriate site for it. But now it has been decided that the statue shall be set up on the grass to the north-west of the new Admiralty buildings—a most excellent choice, as King James was a sailor, and when Duke of York was Lord High Admiral of England. After his time, the post was placed in commission, and has, since then, been administered by Lords Commissioners, as is the case at present.

The death of Rudolf Falb will not result in the extinction of his prophetic weather calendar. Before his fatal illness he completed the issue for January to June of next year, and his eldest son announces that, with the materials and system of calculation bequeathed him by his father, he intends to continue the publication of the calendar.



THE LAST OF THE OLD GAIETY THEATRE: VIEW FROM THE STAGE.

Photograph by the Art Reproduction Company.



SIR J. T. RITCHIE, THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

*The Baroness
Bleichröder.*

What the Rothschilds are to Paris and London, so are the Bleichröders to Berlin—that is, they are one of those great financial dynasties which in these days practically rule the world. The ladies of the great financial families of Europe have a lot which many a Princess might envy, for they enjoy all the privileges and have none of the crushing responsibilities of Royalty. It must be admitted that almost invariably they rise superbly to the occasion, and the charitable works organised by these queens of finance may be said to be as limitless in number as they are in scope. This has always been as true of the wives and daughters belonging to the house of Bleichröder as it is of the women who bear the honoured names of Rothschild, of Goldsmid, and of Mocatta.

*Miss Gladys
Wilson.*

Of the many beautiful girls who brighten twentieth-century Society there are few who are said to be at once as lively, as witty, and so amiable as the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson of Warter Priory. As generally happens, opinions are divided as to which of the brilliant

*Two Brother
Benedicts.*

Lord Denman and his only brother, Mr. Richard Denman, have announced their engagements almost on the same day, the former to the only daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson, the great contractor, and the latter to the only daughter of Sir Thomas Sutherland, Chairman of the "P. and O." Lord Denman, a typical, fair-haired, broad-shouldered Englishman, is ten years older than his *fiancée*, who will not be twenty till next year. He did good service in the war with the Yeomanry, and now commands the 35th (Middlesex) Squadron of that force. His brother, who is twenty-seven, has followed the legal traditions of his family and has already made a good start at the Bar. Their mother is well known to Society. She is now the wife of Sir Henry Primrose, Lord Rosebery's cousin. Their beautiful only sister is married to Mr. J. E. Barlow, M.P. for Frome.

The nature of Sir Thomas Lipton's recent illness (says a leading daily paper), which put such an abrupt end to the round of festivities in which he was engaged, would lead one to suppose that they had been treating him to too many good things



THE BARONESS BLEICHRÖDER.

Photograph by Lafajette, Bond Street, W.



MISS GLADYS WILSON.

Photograph by Langfieri, Old Bond Street, W.

galaxy can lay claim to the supremest loveliness. Some award the palm to Miss Muriel Wilson, others to Mrs. Guy Fairfax or to Lady Chesterfield, while many think it should go to the youngest of the fair group. Miss Gladys Wilson's name has recently been mentioned in connection with that of Lord Ingestre, the Earl of Shrewsbury's son and heir, but their engagement, which was actually announced by at least one paper, has been promptly denied by the young lady's father.

*Poet, Polo-Player,
and Novelist.*

Mr. Clarence Forestier-Walker, the cousin of the famous soldier, comes also of warlike stock, for he is a great-grandson of that General who commanded a Division under Wellington in the Peninsular War, while through his mother he is similarly descended from the great Admiral Rodney. Long before he made his mark in fiction he was famed in the world of polo-players, but now he is giving himself up more and more to story-writing. He has tried his hand in many directions, and some of his cleverest efforts have been published anonymously, notably that bright little story, "A Derelict and Tommy." As a poet he is best known under the name of "Vastoa."

out there, and he is to be congratulated upon such a speedy recovery. In other words—

Although the *Shamrock* failed to win,
Although the Cup remain,
Sir Thomas does not care a pin,
He'll race for it again.
For hope eternal, so they say,
Springs in the human breast,
And he is therefore very gay
And not a bit depressed.

And since he's been a resident
Within that foreign land,
When dining with the President
He's always shown his hand.
He vows he never will give up,
He does not care a bit!—
For since the day he lost the cup
He's often lifted it!

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

A few hours after this week's number of *The Sketch* appears, the King and Queen of Italy will, from the pretty little station on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne, have made their triumphal entry into Paris. They are quite certain of a more than cordial reception, and this for one of those amusingly peculiar reasons which the newspaper-writers here invariably allude to as "très Parisien." The prime cause of the young King and Queen's great popularity is that the father of Her Majesty, the Prince of Montenegro, spent his school-days in Paris, and that a number of his class-fellows at the Lycée Louis le Grand have now become well-known journalists and men of letters in the only town which Parisians really know—Paris, I mean, of course.

Oddly enough, perhaps, when the absence of all claims to birth on her part are remembered, the real aristocrat of French official society is Madame Loubet, and so well has this been understood that the protocole which excluded Madame Carnot and Madame Félix Faure from State receptions to foreign Royalties will include Madame Loubet in the ceremonials which are to begin this afternoon. She will go with her husband to receive the King and Queen of Italy at the Bois de Boulogne Station, and she will drive by the side of the young Queen through Paris to all State functions. The innovation, when the hard-and-fast laws which govern such receptions are remembered, is an important one, and it shows once again the influence, not only at home, but in the Courts of foreign nations, which M. Loubet has attained by common-sense and level-headedness.

During the visit, it is just possible that Madame Céline Chaumont, the famous creator of Cyprienne in "Divorçons" and practically the Lady Bancroft of the Paris stage, may play in "Toto chez Tata" before the King and Queen of Italy. At the time these lines are written no definite decision has been come to, but Madame Chaumont, whose retirement from the stage has been so long a one that many people thought her dead, may be invited to mark her return to the stage by this performance.

ROME.

Rome is busy preparing for the advent of the Czar. Architects are planning archways and other decorations, painters are making emblems of welcome, and the Municipality is putting in order all the streets. The Quirinal, too, is being made ready to receive the Royal guests from Russia. Those who cannot be bidden to the Quirinal itself, the space in which is somewhat limited, will be entertained at the Hôtel Bristol. In the Quirinal itself will be lodged, besides the Emperor and Empress, the Princesses Obolensky and Orbeliani, and, perhaps, so it is said, Count Lamsdorff.

The Emperor and Empress will occupy the so-called "Manica Lunga," consisting of a large bedroom decorated with blue-and-gold brocade, a drawing-room ornamented with Japanese furniture, a large reception-room, a bedroom, specially set aside as the boudoir for the Czarina, of "vieux rose" style of ornamentation, with cornices of silver decorated with light blue, and a smaller drawing-room in which the King of Italy has had placed his splendid collection of Saxony porcelain. The electric-light arrangements are now being improved and set in order. By the fifteenth of this month everything is to be in readiness. The stabling, too, is being altered in anticipation of the visit, and a whole army of grooms has been hired to act as extra servants for the Emperor's horses.

Queen Elena is especially interested in children, being herself a pattern mother. The week before last, Her Majesty stopped a poor working-woman whom she noticed with a very emaciated child and asked her why her child was so weakly and thin. The poor woman replied that her husband could not afford the necessary food for it, being only just able to earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. Thereupon, Queen Elena immediately sent word to her doctor to prescribe for the child, and ordered from the chemist, at her own expense, all the food and medicine prescribed by him for the child. Her Majesty's own children, Princesses Iolanda and Mafalda, are splendid specimens of robust health.



MADAME JEANNE GRANIER, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I PLACE Germany and Germans so high among the world's lands and nations that the Kaiser's modest valuation of his own subjects fills me with regret. A few days ago, something unspecified but, doubtless, unpleasant happened to a German cook in a Turkish hospital. Having a very busy day before me, I could not spare the time to read the list of the Kaiser's demands from beginning to end, but I have a more or less confused idea that they included a cash indemnity, the punishment of the offenders, the punishment of all the people in authority over the offenders, an apology, and several other things not definitely specified.

These last probably included a permanent contract for the supply of all munitions of war, a free passage for German war-ships through the Dardanelles, a coaling-station, and the reversion of Turkey in Asia when the Sublime Porte's sublime ruler has no further use for it. My paper did not say as much, but it hinted, darkly, that the German Ambassador's unpublished demands were far greater than the rest. Since reading the account, I have calculated that, at the Kaiser's

War Office. Incompetence would require its Napoleon to have produced the chaos that reigns in Pall Mall between the times when Lord Lansdowne went to Downing Street and Mr. Arnold-Forster relieved his successor. In my heart of hearts I do not believe the new Indian Secretary can be rightly held responsible even for the bad physique of the unhealthy-looking little things that are seen in our streets after the rain and called "Brodricks" by the scornful. I believe that Mr. Brodrick is just a normal-minded, well-meaning man whose luck has been in excess of his capacity.

So Lords Cromer, Kitchener, and Milner, the three strong men of the Empire, remain outside the Cabinet. In all probability not more than one of the three was asked to join it. Yet I suppose that Lord Cromer at the Foreign Office, Lord Kitchener at Pall Mall, and Lord Milner at the Colonial Office would have given fresh life to the Party and an immense strength to the departments they would have been called upon to control. Of the late Lord Salisbury's relatives, Lord Selborne alone seems to have given real satisfaction.



THE KAISER IN AUSTRIA: AN IMPERIAL "BAG."

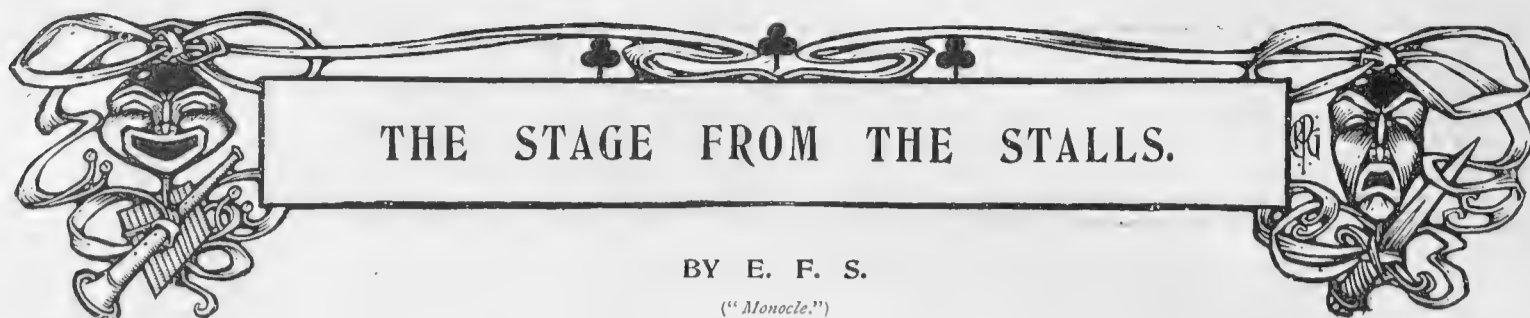
valuation, fifteen German cooks are worth the entire Turkish Empire. If the fifteen will come forward and sacrifice themselves, the Near Eastern Question will be settled once and for all time, provided only that Russia and Germany will see the sacrifice in the proper light and at the proper value.

In all seriousness, however, it must be admitted that the German is in some trouble on account of Near Eastern developments. Russia and Germany are friendly in the Far East, where Germany unclenched the mailed fist and showed by her action in connection with the Shimonoseki Treaty that she was anxious to further Russia's ends. So far as the Near East is concerned, Germany will get nothing for the asking and no return for her help to Russia in China, while her failure to get the Bagdad Railway business through strikes a serious blow at the fine scheme the Kaiser developed when he went a-touring to Palestine in 1898. The fact is that Bismarck was the last German Chancellor to combine the maximum of wisdom with the minimum of scruple; his successors have fondly imagined that, if they did not bother about scruples, the wisdom would come. No Great Power trusts Germany to-day.

When my morning paper deals with Mr. St. John Brodrick, who has appeared in so many leading parts and given so little satisfaction to the "Man in the Street" in any of them, I feel quite sorry for the ex-Secretary of State for War. I don't think his enemies realise that he cannot possibly be great man enough to be responsible for our

Service men speak in terms of respectful praise of the Admiralty and its First Lord, in spite of the squall that rose when Mr. Gibson Bowles showed the true inwardness of the Gibraltar fortifications business, and the lesser troubles of Belleville boilers and big-gun practice. It is well that the Navy should be ready for work; the European political barometer is falling steadily and there are many signs of storm ahead.

The German Emperor is one who ever contrives to mix in equal and fair proportions his business and his pleasure. His Royal hosts are well aware of his passion for sport, and, accordingly, his arrival at the capital of some brother monarch is always the signal for the arrangement of one of those hunting-parties so dear to the heart of the German sportsman. During his recent stay in Austria the versatile Kaiser enjoyed some noble sport in one of the most famous hunting domains in the civilised world. There, as the guest of the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph and the Archduchess Isabella, His Imperial Majesty astonished all present by his prowess, finally bringing down two royal stags. Each one of the Emperor's studies contains mementoes of the chase and of his sporting triumphs; and it is, no doubt, thanks to him that many members of the German nobility who had formerly taken but little trouble to preserve and develop the sporting possibilities of their estates are now taking example by their Imperial master, one of whose great interests in life has become the preservation of big game.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

DUSE AND "LETTY."

IT hardly seems three years since the great Italian actress was among us, but dates say so. Time appears to pass lightly with her, and I could wish that she did not parry one of its attacks with a wig which conceals the beauty of the shape of her head. A profound student of the advertisements in the ladies' papers must know that art has other resources, so one is tempted to imagine that the actress spends very little of her time in reading this kind of literature. There has been less discussion than seemed likely about the prohibition of the performance of "*La Città Morta*," yet the Signora has described one supporter of Mr. Redford as an imbecile for objecting to the undesirable play in question, so, instead of "*The Dead City*," the season began with "*La Gioconda*," which, despite the suggestion involved in the title, is not a very merry piece. D'Annunzio, indisputably a man of genius, seems at present too much attracted by the monstrous, for the main feature of the play is the pathos supposed to come from the exhibition of the heroine after her hands have been cut off. Some people find this irresistibly pathetic; to others it seems so brutally obvious in its pathos that they are more vexed than touched.

However, the play is hardly my topic. The cast is almost or quite identical with that which first presented it in London, yet, in a sense, there are changes. On Tuesday, I could hardly help wondering what we should have written if we had gone to the Adelphi to welcome Signor Rosaspina and not Signora Duse; by-the-bye, we did not welcome Signora Duse, for, at her first appearance, not a hand was raised, a curious and inexplicable fact, since her popularity seems unabated. Signor Rosaspina presents Lucio the sculptor with affectionate wife and child; and a model, "*La Gioconda*," who inspires his art and his passions into the bargain. The actor gave a wonderful performance; few mouths are as eloquent as were his hands, which formed a plastic commentary upon every speech. The Greek orator of the story, who said that "action, action, action" constituted the essentials of oratory, would have chosen the Italian as his advocate. Years ago, in my salad days, when I haunted studios in the Boulevard Montparnasse, I became acquainted with an American sculptor, deaf and dumb, who, without aid of any conventional finger-alphabet, could carry on long conversations easily with alert friends, by movements of his hands, fingers, wrists, arms, and the thought of him came into mind whilst watching the Lucio. The obvious and foolish criticism is to complain of the excess of gesture, forgetful that he is and represents an Italian, one of those people concerning whom one might modify a phrase and say, "Speech is silver and gesture is golden." Moreover, he has a power rarely exhibited of causing his face to swell and redden and his eyes to glisten with passion, and his powerful voice has a vast range of inflections. It remains to be added that in "*Hedda Gabler*" he gave an admirable performance, very rich in quiet humour, as George Tesman. This character in Ibsen's play is extremely different from that of Lucio, yet not more different than Hedda Gabler from Magda, and Magda from the deserted wife in "*La Gioconda*"; but Signora Duse in the three parts has differentiated the persons marvellously, and scored brilliant successes. Some, no doubt, have used extravagant terms of admiration: one might almost say adoration instead of admiration; nevertheless, whilst taking fully into account her limitations and defects, one cannot deny that she has genius and is exhibiting it magnificently in her season at the Adelphi. The Hedda Gabler is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of the three impersonations.

"Letty" is of such great merit that, like Letty herself, one has a temptation, and it is to sit down and gush without attempting to judge. Temptations were invented in order to be overcome, and critics to express opinions—if they possess any—and reasons for them into the bargain. The great quality of "Letty," which makes it stand out from most of our plays, is due to the fact that Pinero studies nothing in the theatre save technique. Putting aside the Epilogue, one might imagine that the ideas of the author of "Letty" had never been distorted by the false views of life current on the stage and in most novels. It is the fact that, even to the careless playgoer, the true picture of an ordinary human being is more interesting than the conventional abnormalities which some look upon as original creations. Letty (as we know her) and Hilda and Marion are girls who may be met with almost by the dozen every evening in the droves that come along Oxford Street going home from their work. Pinero picks out

three of them widely differing in character. Of Letty we have an elaborate full-length portrait, of Hilda a bust, of Marion merely a sketch. Each is so vivid as to be intensely interesting. Letchmere, despite the admirable acting of H. B. Irving, is less interesting, not that he is the ordinary stage seducer, but, notwithstanding the strangeness in style of his speech, he is less individualised than Letty, more, indeed, a type than a person. Hilda, no doubt, was the favourite of the house, and Miss Nancy Price may be congratulated upon having made the "hit" of the evening. Yet it is obvious that the part was more easy to draw and exhibit than that of the other two.

It is a little difficult to appreciate the Epilogue. All that is in it seems related by mere accident to what has gone before: it resembles the rounding-off, twenty years after, last chapter of the old-fashioned novel, and one may assume, reluctantly, that it is a concession. The author has passed that period of life when we bear engraven on our banners the proud words, "No concession, no compromise." He may be adopting the policy of the wise doctor who humours his patient. It has the air of an after-thought, and it is noticeable, indeed, that in the three scenes in the second Act—one too many—concerning Letty's loan, Perry, the photographer, is the only one who shows no signs of being in love with her, and this gives one the idea that the author has always regarded the Epilogue as being detachable. The appearance of Letchmere as a pathetic figure dying young of consumption is almost irritating, for the consumption has nothing to do with the case. Yet it is a fine stroke to exhibit him half-forgetful of the details of the little affair with Letty of only two and a-half years earlier. I suppose the audience would have been too horrified if Mr. Pinero had presented him buoyant with life, bringing another Letty to Mrs. Perry's, ignorant of the fact of her identity with the girl who escaped him. It could be wished that the author had humoured the public a little more and reduced the length of some of the parts not really vital, for it will be difficult to induce the inhabitants of Mayfair, who would enjoy seeing themselves handsomely trounced, to come at a quarter to eight and stay till nearly half-past eleven; and though almost every sentence in the play is of real value, some sacrifice might well be made to increase the popularity of the piece, for one is very anxious that "Letty" should be seen by a vast number of people, so that the taste for serious drama should be spread.

"Letty" really is serious drama and yet thoroughly entertaining in almost every sense of the word. The humour of Hilda must be irresistible to nearly all kinds of playgoers, and so, too, the comicality of Neale and Ordish, cleverly represented by Messrs. Troode and Robertshaw; whilst the scenes in which Mandeville appears were received with roars of laughter. Mr. Fred Kerr acts the part very ably, but rather, I should say, after the Kerr than the Mandeville fashion, since he does not suggest the exuberant Hebrew, but the British bouncer; yet the author has been careful to insist upon his nationality. The criticism is rash, because Pinero has produced the play, and it is rumoured that he is generally successful in persuading the players to adopt his views. Amongst the minor parts the able work of Miss Forbes-Robertson and M. Garceau must be mentioned. One never sees Mr. Dion Boucicault in a character that seems quite sufficiently important for an actor of his gifts, which, however, are so great that he rarely appears to be playing quite a minor part.

Of course, the burden lies on Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who accomplished their heavy task superbly. Letty's is the more showy and, in a sense, easier task; indeed, till close to the end of the fourth Act, Mr. Irving has little chance of stirring the house, and enormous chances of tiring it and rendering Letchmere odious. In some respects, this is the hardest task set to the brilliant actor, and so his success renders it his greatest triumph. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Letty will be as much admired as her Sophy Fullgarney, and praise can go no further. I am curious to see what is the fate of this powerful, thrilling, "uncomfortable" drama, rich in bitter humours, wealthy in unlovable characters, sternly true, and written with a form of subdued wit that renders almost every line telling, though it offers little or nothing for quotation. We must wait a little and see it a second time ere forming an opinion as to its true position among the many remarkable plays of the writer universally recognised as the greatest living dramatist of the English-speaking people.



MISS VIOLA TREE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

WHERE NEW YORK GOES MAD:

CONEY ISLAND, New York's great pleasure-resort, has been described as the "safety-valve" of the American metropolis.

Were it not for the Saturday afternoons at "Coney," the strenuousness of five and a-half days of "hustling" would simply put the New Yorker out of commission. Half-an-hour's ride on the electric-tram and the expenditure of fivepence brings you to Coney Island, a small strip of sand on the sea-coast due east from New York. Coney Island compensates for everything. There the busiest New Yorker forgets business while watching the antics and foolishness of upwards of four thousand demented human beings who believe their one mission in life is to make a noise.

Coney Island has two classes of Society—the low and the lower. There is a third class who do not properly constitute true Coney Islanders. These are the mere "lookers-on," to whom one afternoon at the resort suffices for a lifetime. The two principal elements of the population of Coney Island are those who live on the Island all the year round, and those who only camp for a season while raking in the spoils of so-called "amusements." The true Coney Islander has

children sit while it is jerked about by means of long ropes attached underneath the seats. The sensation is a cross between *mal-de-mer* and a dynamite explosion. Even sailors have become ill on the "Razzle-Dazzle." When the misguided pleasure-seeker is so weak and faint that he is about to fall off, the machine is stopped and another crowd of people scrambles for the vacant places on the whirling ring.

The secret of Coney Island's success consists in the fact that one-half the visiting population obtain their amusement by watching the other half make fools of themselves. For instance, a great fund of enjoyment is watching people walk over what is known as the rope-and-lath bridge. Some loose ropes stretch across a shallow stream of water, and upon these ropes are laid laths. It requires no little skill to manipulate this bridge, and passengers make such a ridiculous exhibition of themselves in trying to get over in a hurry that hundreds of persons will watch the bridge by the hour.

In one of the pleasure parks of Coney Island there is a board-walk so constructed that, when pedestrians touch certain hidden springs, the walk sinks beneath them, their hats are blown off, and they receive



THE LATH BRIDGE AND ROPE-WALK.

one object in life: to make you laugh while picking your pocket. It is really a great game, more exciting, perhaps, than roulette or faro.

For instance, one of the largest "amusement dealers"—for that is their stock-in-trade—on Coney Island boasts that he got his first start in life by selling bottles of "Real Ocean Water" to tourists who had never seen the Atlantic. These bottles, neatly labelled, sold at fivepence the ounce. Sand, gathered up in match-boxes and labelled "Real Beach Sand," was sold at twopence-halfpenny the box, the vendor netting each day about twelve shillings. But you cannot blame a man for selling salt-water if he can find a sufficient number of weak-minded creatures to purchase it. From the sales of sand and salt-water sufficient money was made to enable the enterprising seller to build the "Steeplechase," one of Coney Island's most typical popular amusements.

At Steeplechase Park a species of switchback railway has been constructed. It is a single-track system, the rails being occupied by wooden horses instead of by railway-carriages. Men and women ride these horses astride, two persons—usually a man and his sweetheart—being seated on a single horse. The horses are started four abreast by the sound of a gong, and the riders who manage, by force of gravity and a swaying motion of their bodies, to bring their horse in first at the other end of the track are entitled to another ride gratis.

The "Razzle-Dazzle" is another form of weird amusement only to be met with at Coney Island. It consists of a flat ring which swings from a tall pole. On the upper surface of this ring, men, women, and

an electric shock all at the same time. This is most laughable—to the rest of the crowd. At times, some ill-tempered person will want to fight something or somebody when he has been made a laughing-stock of, but the proper thing to do is to smile as if you enjoyed it as much as anyone else, or even more.

"Johnstown's Great Flood" is a prime attraction at Coney Island. This is a highly coloured representation of the bursting of a dam and the killing of several thousand people. It commemorates an actual historic occurrence. The whole thing is preposterously real; you hear the shrieks of the dying and you see the macerated forms of the injured being swept to death, while hundreds of dead bodies are shown sweeping along with the rushing waters. Everyone will tell you, however, that you must not miss the "Johnstown Flood" on any account.

At Coney Island you can take a "Trip to the Moon" for fivepence, or for the modest sum of a shilling a "fake" boat will take you Twenty Thousand Leagues under a "fake" sea. Some of the restaurants and houses at Coney Island are built upside-down; that is, you walk into a room and find that your chair is placed on the ceiling, or rather, you are walking on the ceiling, while, looking up, you see tables, chairs, and stoves hanging downward from the roof.

But, after all, Coney Island is necessary to New York. Nearly half-a-million New Yorkers go there every week, so there really must be something there to amuse and entertain. The attraction of Coney Island may be summed up in the words of Mark Twain: "If you like that sort of thing, that's the kind of thing you will like."

W. B. NORTHROP.

SOME INSANE AMUSEMENTS AT CONEY ISLAND.



THE FAMOUS "RAZZLE-DAZZLE." THE SENSATION IS A CROSS BETWEEN SEA-SICKNESS AND A DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.



THE "STEEPLECHASE," WHERE MEN AND WOMEN RIDE WOODEN HORSES. THE WINNERS ARE ENTITLED TO ANOTHER RIDE GRATIS.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

THE career of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler—for, though she was married last spring, she still uses her maiden name—goes to prove that the novelist is made, not born.



"IT SEEMS THAT I AM, LITERALLY, CORNERED."

The last thing for which Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler possibly believed she was intended was a novelist, popular or otherwise. Perhaps, had she been asked, she would have said that the thing of all others she could not do was to write a novel, though she had acquired a reputation by her poems and her short stories.

"The Sisters Three," who for the moment assumed the disguise of a man, decided otherwise. The man was Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, the well-known publishers, conceived the idea that a novel dealing with Methodism and Society would be a success. They looked round for writers thoroughly acquainted with both these sections of life. Their first choice fell on Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll called upon her. He explained the object of his mission. With delightful candour, Miss Fowler said, "I can't write a novel, and, what is more, I've never tried to."

"Try," said Dr. Robertson Nicoll, "and you will find that you can," or words to that effect. "If you don't, we shall have to get somebody else, but we want you." Miss Fowler pleaded for time to think the matter over. Four months later, the manuscript of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," containing a hundred thousand words, was in the hands of the publishers, and very shortly after that Miss Fowler had taken her place in the front rank of the popular writers of our time. So great was its success that it was immediately translated into French and German, and, rarer honour still, into the Braille type for the blind. It is a striking testimony of its merits that now, some four or five years after its publication, it still sells splendidly, while it is also significant that its sequel, "The Farringdons," had an advance sale of over twenty-five thousand copies before a line of it was published.

Within the last few weeks, as everyone is aware, Miss Fowler's latest novel, "Place and Power," has been issued. The critics have not been unanimous in their verdict, although the public has been as anxious as ever to buy Miss Fowler's work.

As a conversationalist, Miss Fowler is as successful as she is as a novelist, and her good-humour and her high spirits lend their aid to make her "comedy of manner" as brilliant as the comedy of matter which distinguishes her books.

Books, indeed, have been her concern ever since the days when she could hold a pen and write. She could not have been more than seven when she invented a villain, whom she named Henry Baker, and for a long time she lived under his thrall. More than that, Henry Baker became quite a living terror to her sister and herself, and kept them awake at night with the most dreadful sins of commission, just like a villain in a play. The recollections of that Book of Henry Baker might be a decidedly interesting addition to her stories if only Miss Fowler could see her way to writing it. Henry Baker was, however, but one manifestation of the inventive faculty of the child, which was constantly demonstrating itself in extravagant tales and weird characters.

Even at seven Miss Fowler used to write verses. One of them referred to a certain gentleman called "Vouchasafe." The name, as Miss Fowler once told an interviewer, was got out of the "Te Deum,"



"I HAD BETTER SUBMIT AT ONCE, THEREFORE, AND BEGIN BY SHOWING YOU THE GARDEN."

and she concluded it was a man's name because it began with a capital. While at church and ostensibly engaged in public worship, she was really inventing stories about "Vouchasafe," whose name she developed into three syllables, because the dear little maid could not read long words very well. One verse of the ballad ran as follows—

"Let's learn Latin, Vouchasafe—
Or you'll never be a man!
But he dashed the sparkling water
At the feet of Mary Ann."

Who Mary Ann was and why he dashed the "sparkling water" at her feet, Miss Fowler cannot say, but every Sunday she remembers him and his exploits, for even to-day he is as real to her as Arthur or Lancelot, or any other hero of romance. Some years later, her poem, "Lilies," was printed in the *Sunday Magazine*, and was followed by short stories in many periodicals. Some of these stories were afterwards collected and published under the title of "Cupid's Garden." Dating

back to the time of her twelfth year, Miss Fowler, to amuse herself, strung together the current events of her life in an epic sort of fashion, and she wrote the following quatrain, which is one of the few that have been preserved—

And after that the Curate made a speech,
Of which, alas, I could not hear a word;
But if that little speech the speaker pleased,
What did it matter if it was unheard?

The wisdom of the child with regard to the self-satisfaction of the curate is really remarkable, though, perhaps, its preternatural cleverness may have been modified by the fact that, while the poetic form belonged to the writer, the idea had really been put into words by some older head.

Miss Fowler's habits of work are simple. It does not matter to her where she is, she can always write, her only necessities being a cosy chair, a pencil, and a pad. Once written, her manuscript stands, for she very rarely re-writes.

The four months for producing "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" must not be taken as a criterion of the time spent on her other books, for nowadays each gets a year devoted to it—or rather, that part of the year which extends from August to April. The Season has always been spent in London, where Miss Fowler never liked writing, and all her novels have been written at her father's house near Wolverhampton (the Silverhampton of her books). It is the rush of London which precludes the possibility of the novelist working there, though, as she confesses, her idea of happiness is to live with her mind in London and her body in the country. She considers she has at last attained this by settling at Eltham.

For the plots of her stories Miss Fowler never troubles. They come of themselves, as she expresses it, and though she knows the end of the story before she begins to write, it does not by any means follow that she knows the part which lies between the beginning and the end. Her people grow under her hand, and are just like the people of real life, in that she gets to know more about their characteristics and peculiarities the longer she lives with them, and the better she knows them the more she likes them. For this reason her mental attitude often changes towards the children of her brain. Sir Roger in



"NOW WE WILL GO INDOORS AND HAVE SOME TEA."

LXIII.—“MISS ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER” (MRS. FELKIN).



“OH, YES, I AM TREMENDOUSLY DOMESTICATED.”

“A Double Thread,” for instance, was decidedly antagonistic to her when she began, but, as time went on and she began to perceive his good qualities, her animosity changed into love, and when he died she “went into mourning for him.”

None of the characters in her books—all keys to the contrary notwithstanding—are drawn from real people, the reason being that the characteristics of real people are not painted in sufficiently strong colours for Miss Fowler’s desires, though she may occasionally use an observed trait of an acquaintance for one of her puppets.

If it was in obedience to a *vis major* that Miss Fowler became a novelist, she may pride herself that she has at least been directly responsible for the production of another novel by another author. This was “My Heart and Lute.” Some time before she and Mr. Felkin were engaged to be married, he asked her what he could do to please her. She answered, “Write a novel.” The suddenness of the suggestion rather staggered Mr. Felkin, but, as every man will admit, he had no alternative save to do it. It was published



“HERE HE IS.”



“TALK SHOP? IF I MUST. HERE IS MY FIRST BOOK.”



“I MUST REALLY MAKE MY HUSBAND COME AND KEEP ME IN COUNTENANCE.”



“MR. FELKIN, BY THE WAY, HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE KEENEST CRITIC OF MY WORK.”



“AND HERE MY NEXT.”

(by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton) under the *nom-de-guerre* of “A. St. Lawrence.”

For many years before they were married—even from the time she left school—Mr. Felkin was Miss Fowler’s greatest friend; and his criticisms, she confesses, always helped her a great deal in her work. In fact, to-day, as Mrs. Felkin humorously says, it is, in the circumstances, a great credit to both their tempers that they are still friends, as well as merely husband and wife.

Not very long ago, while staying at a hotel in Scotland, a passing acquaintance went to the then Miss Fowler and said, “There is a ridiculous report in this hotel that you are the Miss Fowler who wrote all those books, but I have contradicted it on the best authority.”

“Nevertheless,” replied Miss Fowler, “I did write them.” When she asked who “the best authority” was, it turned out to be an eminent London publisher. When he was asked why he contradicted it, he replied, “Because it is impossible to have a popular statesman and a popular novelist in the same family. It is overcrowding.”



“BUT WE ARE STILL GOOD FRIENDS.”

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. MORLEY'S Life of Gladstone is perhaps the biggest thing in the way of publishing that has been achieved since "The Encyclopædia Britannica." No less than twenty thousand copies were printed of the first edition. At two guineas net, this means an immediate turn-over larger than that of many respectable publishing houses during a whole year. The American sale is not included, and there is no cheap Colonial edition as yet. The sales in the present form may very well amount to forty thousand, and there is a great prospect in cheaper editions. It is said, but I cannot verify the report, that Mr. Morley received £10,000 for the copyright, and, considering the exhaustive labour involved, the sum was none too great. The reviewers had a fair amount of time to prepare their articles, and were exceedingly tantalised by not being able to part with their knowledge sooner. It is easy to see that Mr. Birrell, who writes an anticipatory article in the *World's Work*, knew what the book contained, though he did not venture to go beyond anticipation. In the circumstances, his article may be regarded as a dexterous feat. The interest of the biography is, of course, very largely political: for the bookman it offers little. The few books referred to are mainly theological or classical. "Ecce Homo" has a place, and, among authors, Arthur Hallam, the friend of Gladstone's youth, F. D. Maurice, Macaulay, Tennyson, Newman, and Martineau are mentioned. Of Macaulay's productions, Gladstone thought the essay on Warren Hastings the best. With Newman he once had an interview at Birmingham in the company of Mr. Chamberlain. The conversation was brief and constrained. We are told something about Mr. Gladstone's review of "Robert Elsmere." Lord Acton was the one great man of letters with whom Gladstone was really intimate, and it is evident from various hints that Acton candidly warned Gladstone of his shortcomings in reading, and that he took him energetically to task for certain of his arguments on theological and Homeric questions. We are promised further details when Lord Acton's letters are published. Eager as he was in reading and study, it is not as a man of letters that Gladstone will be remembered.

Mr. William Faux, who has retired from the direction of Smith's Circulating Library after fifty years of service with the great Strand house, has given some reminiscences and opinions to the *Book Monthly*. Mr. Faux says that of the books read eighty per cent. are fiction; that fiction is more read in the South than in the North, and that dinner-table talk is really the greatest incentive to the reading of this book or the other. Mr. Faux is of opinion that the six-shilling form for novels is likely to last, because it seems to suit all the interests concerned. It affords a fair return to author and publisher, to the bookseller and the librarian, and its cost is not beyond the reach of the ordinary pocket. Mr. Faux has always keenly liked to help a writer up the ladder, and has been delighted to discover new talent. Amongst others whom he has served

is Thomas Hardy. He read "Desperate Remedies" in manuscript, was taken with the work at once, and believed it to betoken a coming master. He induced William Tinsley to publish it, but it fell flat until one of the weeklies gave it a belated review, when it jumped into circulation. Mr. Tinsley in his *Recollections* tells the story somewhat differently. Mr. Faux was also an early admirer of Stevenson, and recollects having bought cheap remainders of "In the Cevennes" and "An Inland Voyage." He also appreciated "John Inglesant," and did what he could for its success. Mr. Faux is succeeded in his responsible position by Mr. Thomas Palmer, who is an ardent admirer of J. R. Lowell. The first English edition of Lowell's verse was brought out in the year 1844 by Mr. Mudie, the founder of the great circulating library.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.
An Unpublished Photograph by Starling, High Wycombe.

his "spare, aristocratic figure, a little bowed then, a little feeble. He always had the 'scholar's stoop' from the neck, his hat rather to the back of his head, and the dreamy, abstract look in his quite wonderfully beautiful blue eyes—eyes which, with his incomparable smile, were unforgettable."



MR. JEROME K. JEROME.
MR. W. W. JACOBS' SUMMER STUDY IN MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S GARDEN.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.

The entertaining gossip in *Blackwood* is not the most accurate of writers, and some of his stories have been better told before. There are, however, some graphic bits in his last instalment. He tells how once, when going up to town from some place in Sussex, he had as a companion in the train a very old and ill-dressed individual, carrying a small, shabby looking hand-bag. A rapid survey suggested that he was a broken-down country lawyer or a land agent, and in neither case a person to be conversed with. The old gentleman, however, soon opened his mouth and said, "I have sat in the House of Commons with Mr. Canning." This meant a leap back of sixty years. The speaker turned out to be a certain Welsh baronet who had just got through the last of three fortunes and was rusticated in some small country cottage in the heart of Sussex. The baronet praised as the most eloquent House of Commons speaker, after Canning, a man named Daniel Whittle Harvey, who entered the House after the Reform Bill in the Liberal interest. He was an attorney with a third-rate practice, and not too much character, but unsurpassed for sheer eloquence. Anybody who knows old members of the House of Commons will generally find that they have a hero who is a hero to no other.—O. O.

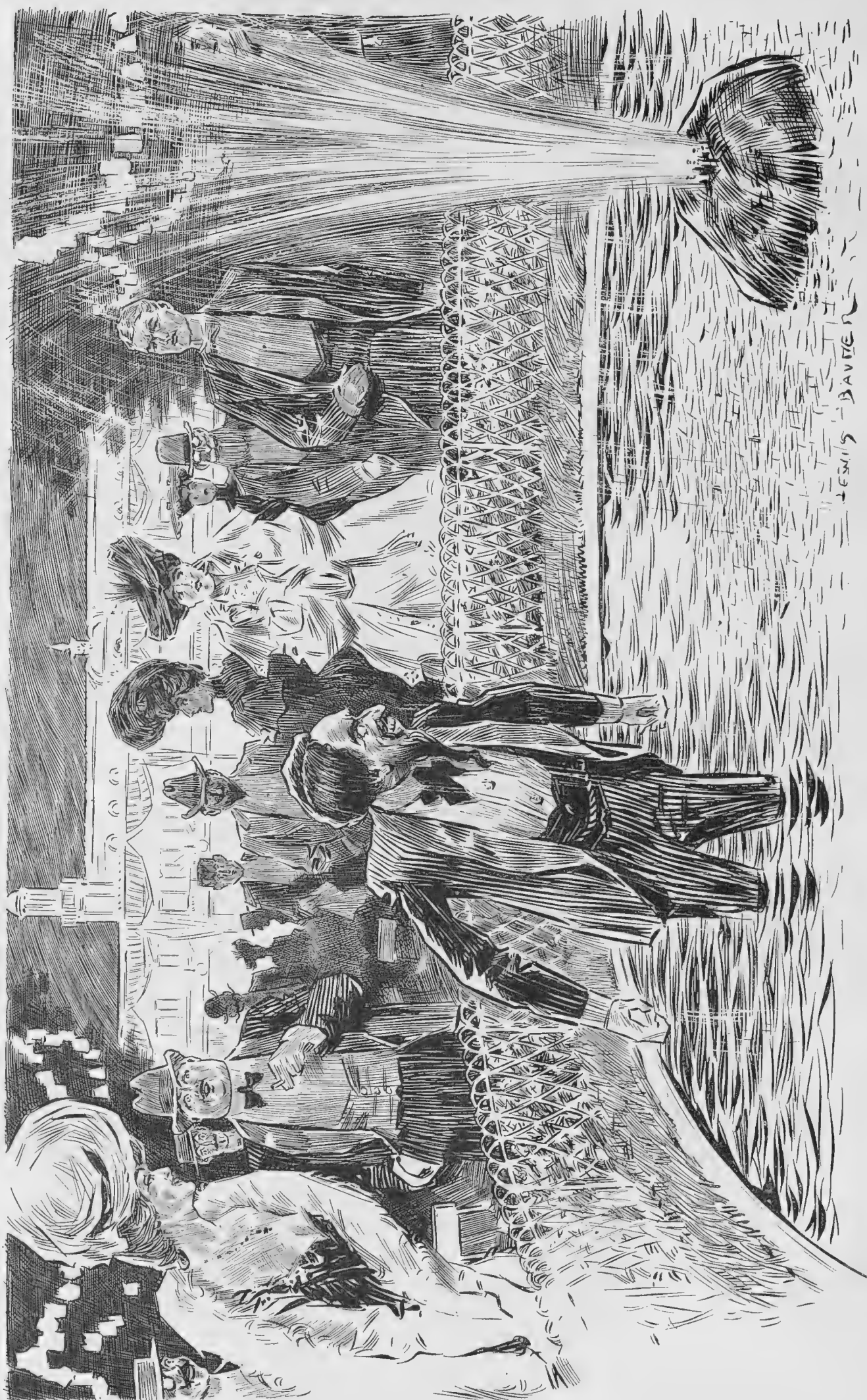
DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



II.—"THE MIND SHALL BANQUET, THO' THE BODY PINE."

THE ADVENTURES—AND MISADVENTURES—OF A MILLIONAIRESS. RECORDED BY LEWIS BAUMER.



EXTRACT FROM EIGHTH LETTER (AIX-LES-BAINS):

... I'm quite in the fashion, for I've been taking part in a *Melo-force*! Last night, I ran into the Baron, by the fountain at the *Villa des Fleurs*, and, after talking a little while, he suddenly proposed to me. I asked him about the lady I saw at the *Cercle*, and he said she was his mother's dearest friend. Then he proposed again, and I refused him, and he got rude; and then in from

the prompt side jumped the Englishman I met at Dieppe, and threw him into the water. It was very nicely done. At first I thought there was going to be trouble, but the Baron's wonderful hair began slipping off, and somebody said he was a German, so everyone laughed, particularly his mother's dearest friend, who was there in a very evening dress...

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE JESTERS."

By "RITA."
(Hutchinson, 6s.)

Results are far too long apparent before causes are disclosed, and the earlier actions of the characters are, therefore, at times apparently irrelevant, at times almost incomprehensible—surely an artistic fault. It must be said, however, that, once the way has been cleared, the narrative progresses steadily, and gains in interest. Were it not so it would be intolerable; its air of mild mystery stifling. The plot is complicated only by the action or lack of action of those concerned in it—a few words spoken at the right time, and held back for little apparent reason, would have speedily unravelled the meshes of the net of misunderstanding separating John Trecarrol and Hilda Bruce, but then they would have provided no material for fiction. As it is, the cloud that darkens their lives is only dissipated by the advent and generous interference of the unconventional American girl of convention, in this case a practical romancist, and a well-manipulated *deus ex machina*. Judy, Trecarrol's ward; her drunken mother, a Zolaesque creation, it is to be feared, only too true to life; Trecarrol himself; Moira, the American; and Hilda are the best characters in the book; but some of their less prominent contemporaries are equally well portrayed. Lady Betty, the frivolous Society woman, to whom everyone is known by a more or less appropriate nickname, and who is never without "followers" other than her husband, has played her vivacious and usually mischievous part many times before.

"THE LADIES OF THE MANOR."

By G. B. BURGIN.
(Grant Richards, 6s.)

The plot of this frankly impossible story is concerned with the difficulty of deciding which of the twin-sisters—the Ladies of the Manor—is the elder. There is Marion, inexpressibly sweet and good, and Patience, a compound of viciousness, with dull-green eyes, snake-like gestures, and a silky voice. The distinguishing ribbons tied on this extraordinary pair at their birth by the nurse having been taken off by a drunken housekeeper, the infants are, unfortunately, "muddled up," and there is a doubt as to who inherits the property. By their father's will, up to the age of twenty-one each is to be mistress in turn, year in and year out; but a codicil (to be read at a specified time) will determine finally how the money is left, if the question of age can be decided. There are other characters many and various: Jack, the rough

Colonial—at least, thus he dubs himself; Thyrza, a wonderfully refined barmaid; Aunt Priscilla; Nurse Panton, slave to the morphine habit; but they are all so fearfully and wonderfully made that their manners and conversation are beyond the range of criticism. If one took the book seriously, one would experience a moment's brief wonder that any author could depict a relationship such as that which existed between the Spencers, father and son. The interchange of undignified amenities most nearly resembles a Punch-and-Judy Show. The only character capable of arousing interest, Marcus Pendragon, disappears before a third of the story is compassed. When



MR. CLARENCE FORESTIER-WALKER, AUTHOR OF "THE CHAMELEON."

Photograph by Beresford. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")

the people in this book try to be smart, they merely succeed in being vulgar; when they are serious or in love, they are more sentimental than the veriest pink-and-white heroine of schoolgirl romance; and when they are bad, their wickedness outvies the crimes of melodrama.

"SUSANNAH AND ONE ELDER."

By MADAME ALBANESI.
(Methuen, 6s.)

objection, and for the sake of her elder sister's good name and happiness), allows it to be understood that she is engaged to the man of whom her brother-in-law is groundlessly suspicious, a man she has not met before. With this plot, commonplace in a sense, Madame Albanesi, the author, has produced a long, pleasant story of country life and turbulent lives. From beginning to end the story is fascinatingly but sympathetically told. Susannah, around whom the pathos of the story naturally centres, is a flesh-and-blood young woman, full of spirit and the right sort of pride, but, above all, womanly and lovable. Her sister, Lady Corneston, is of a different stamp. She is mean and selfish, and a coward, flying to pleasure as a miserable to drink. On a yachting cruise she flirts with a young spendthrift, Adrian Thrale. When accused by her husband of her conduct, she puts a very bold face upon the affair and declares that the young man is engaged to her sister, Susannah. Naturally, the latter is indignant. She has never seen the young fellow and refuses at first to be a party to the deception; but, before she can do anything more, friends have been told of the supposed engagement. The spirit of sacrifice then comes over Susannah, and, to her own astonishment, she finds she is really in love with the man to whom her sister has made her engaged. From a useless member of society he is turned into a hard-working, serious-thinking individual, under the charming womanly influence of his sweetheart. Their love would undoubtedly have had a smooth course but for the interference of the woman whose reputation they temporarily saved. There are several other characters, distinctly and powerfully drawn. Some of the people in the book are decidedly horrid, but no one can say they are not real people. Others are good, pure, and lovable.

"Susannah and One Elder" is a novel decidedly above the average. The story is well written, plot and characterisation being excellent. The bare line of the story is this: A young sister, Susannah (after a desperate



MADAME ALBANESI, AUTHOR OF "SUSANNAH AND ONE ELDER."

Photograph by Esme Collings, New Bond Street, W.

"McTODD."

By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.
(Macmillan, 6s.)

Now that the redoubtable Captain Kettle has settled down to the enjoyment of the delights rightly appertaining to retirement, a K.C.B., and the pursuit of Particular Methodism, the uncultivated "dissolute mechanic" McTodd is ably sustaining the traditions of the firm as purveyors of story-material to Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne. Indeed, he goes one better than his erstwhile chief, inasmuch as he narrates his adventures himself in a style that is occasionally his own, but more often modelled upon that of his patron. It is under the latter condition that we get the better insight into his complex character. The dram-drinking engineer of elastic conscience and continuous insolvency proves himself in other ways, also, a worthy successor. Not only is he as handy with his spanner as Kettle was with his revolver—and in the same cause—as self-reliant, and as daring, but his career is equally prolific of adventure; while, as an additional recommendation, he is far less theatrical, plays far less to the gallery, and so is more readily believed than the little Captain, in spite of the obvious extravagances that adorn his "yarns." The majority of his stories—which, again following the methods of Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, he divides into chapters as though parts of a novel—deal with his visits to Arctic Seas on whaling trips or exploring expeditions, and are all worth the retailing. Those who are desirous of nothing more ambitious than exciting reading—and their name is legion—will find ample entertainment in these memoirs of McTodd.

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S HOLIDAY.

DRAWN BY TOM BROWNE.



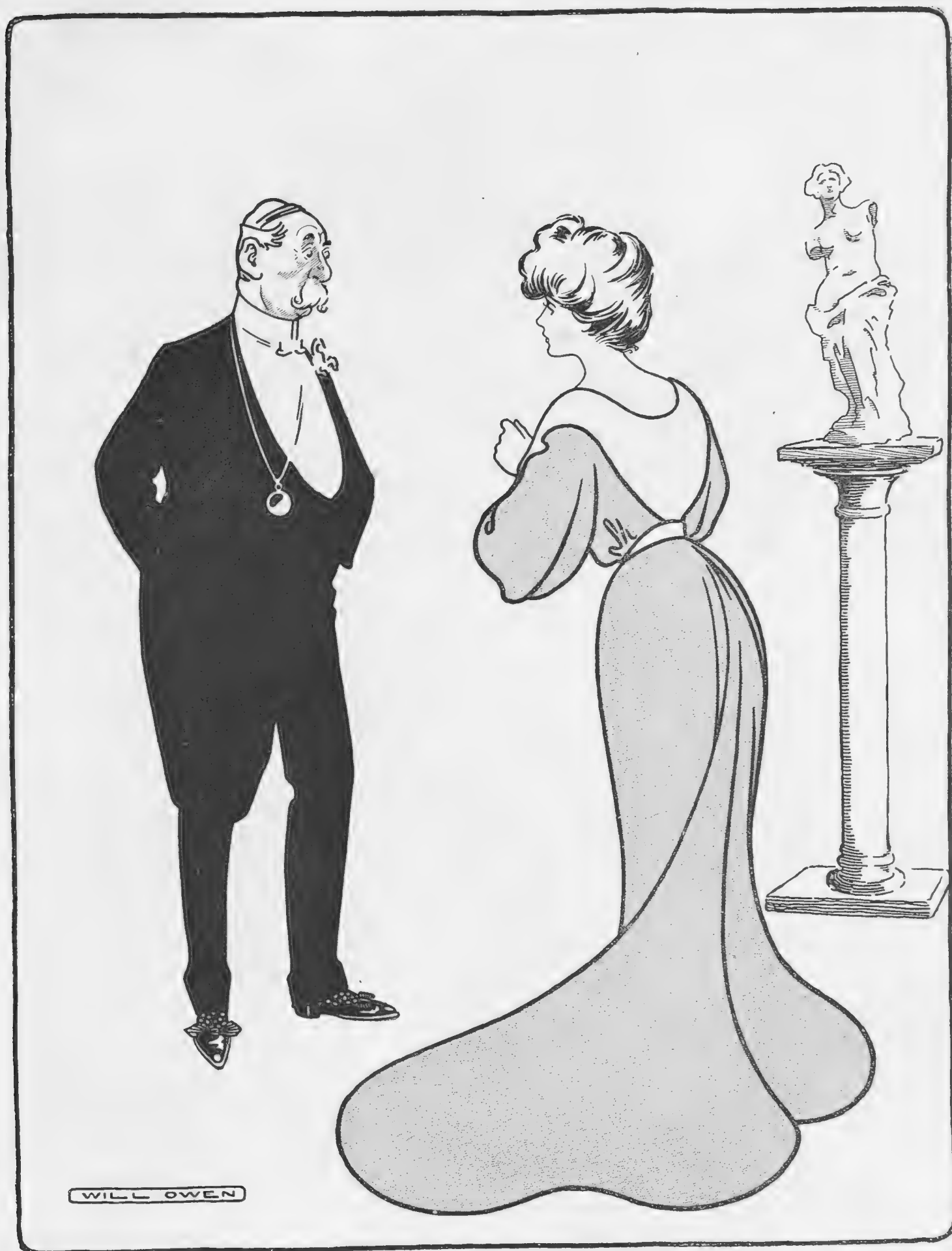
"WOT O, MARIA! THIS IS A BIT OF ALL RIGHT. NINETY MILES AN HOUR AND NO BLINKIN' SIGNALS!"



SAVE ONE!

AFTER THE SÉANCE.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



IMAGINATIVE YOUNG LADY: Tell me now, Major, if a Fairy Godmother appeared before you and offered you three wishes, what would you do?

MAJOR (*shuddering*): Sign the pledge, Madam.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

AT "THE SPOTTED LAMB."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

MRS. LUMLEY at "The Spotted Lamb" had a gentleman in her best rooms the like of whom did not often come to Rosegarland. He had arrived by the coach from London on a Tuesday, and had now for three weeks been Mrs. Lumley's lodger.

He dressed modestly in garments of Quaker-grey or snuff-brown, but the suits were cut with distinction. His hair was slightly powdered by Time, but was yet plentiful and naturally curling. He wore flowered waistcoats, magnificent although sober, and his linen was of the finest. His coat and breeches, although of woollen stuff, were of a fineness that exceeded silk. It was a pity, said Mrs. Lumley, who was a kind soul, to see how the garments had been stuffed headlong into his travelling-bag. Under her housewifely hands they had somewhat recovered from their evil treatment, being laid away with lavender-bags between the folds in the bow-shaped chest of drawers and the mahogany wardrobe great enough to have held all Bluebeard's wives.

Rosegarland Village lies pleasantly upon a hill. The strange gentleman's bedroom—he called himself Mr. Jones—stood end-ways to the valley. The window of one of its closets looked over the valley, and at night the songs of the nightingales came in by it. Across the fireplace, which was lined with tiles representing the parable of the Prodigal Son, was another closet, a powdering-closet which did not admit a chink of light and was hung with clothes-pegs and shelved to the roof.

The powdering-closet interested Mr. Jones. Mrs. Lumley was very ready to talk about it. Many a lady had had her head dressed there in Squire Alvanley's time, when there were hunt-balls and the like at "The Spotted Lamb." That was thirty years ago, and the place had been shut up these many years. It was another world without the Alvanleys.

Mr. Jones seemed to like to listen to Mrs. Lumley's simple rustic talk, her tales of the great days that were over. She was often afraid that her lodger might be bored and might depart as suddenly as he had come.

"And how long might your Honour be pleased to stay?" Mrs. Lumley asked timidly, after one of their conversations. She had taken a fancy to her lodger. In spite of his premature aging, he was still a fine, handsome man, with an elegant figure and an air of distinction. And he had beautiful manners.

"Stay!" he repeated, with a frown that had no displeasure in it. "Why, stay for ever, my good soul!"

"For ever, sir!" Mrs. Lumley could not believe in her own good-fortune. "Your Honour means to stay with us?"

"Could I do better?"

He waved his hand towards the window of the sitting-room, which was open on an orchard all rosy with blossom. A troop of little black pigs grunted and squealed in the grass which lay under a shower of the blossom. Stocks and gillyflowers in great, scented clumps grew under the window and the air was spicy with their smell.

"Ah, but, sir," she said, "the winter will come and 'twill not be so pretty. Your Honour will go back to town then."

"Not I. I am sick of the town. I want the simplicities of life. There will be beauties in winter—a sky of rose and lilac over there beyond the Alvanleys' chimney-stacks; and a flight of crows upon it. And the brooks cutting channels in the roads when the wet weather comes, and shouting and singing as they run. And all the world charmed to stillness in a frost. And the old church over there huddled under its mantle of snow. There is nothing like the tossing of trees in a gale to rock a child, or a man for the matter of that, asleep."

Mrs. Lumley looked at him wonderingly.

"I'd have taken your Honour for a countryman to hear you speak."

He laughed and flushed a little.

"'Tis the townsman loves the country best," he said. "Your countryman only knows that the mire is on his boots, however fine the sky."

That night he walked into the inn-kitchen and sat down on the settle by the fire, within the shelter of the great screen of oak, so delicately poised that a child's little finger might move it.

"The Spotted Lamb" was a pleasant place, full of bowery rooms and little, intricate passages. But no room in it was so pleasant as the kitchen—that great apartment lined with oak which contained many cupboards, its table and benches of oak blackened and polished with age, its deep windows full of flowering plants, and its magnificent hearth, with the seats either side the logs.

Mr. Jones made friends with the merry party and paid for many drinks. Mrs. Lumley could make you a tankard of spiced ale, with an apple bobbing in it, with any woman: and the spiced ale went round many times. He joined in the chorus of "The Jolly Farmer's Boy" as though he had been a countryman born, and never went



wrong in the words or the time; and he gave Tom Spendlove, who sang it, a gold guinea.

He was voted the best of good company, and shook hands with every man as they departed in good time.

But there was one, a sullen fellow, Dick Stone of Redstreak Farm, whose face did much to spoil the gaiety; and, although he drank of the spiced ale Mr. Jones paid for, he did it as though he was drinking poison.

Mr. Jones commented on it next day to Mrs. Lumley.

"He has been ever so," the good woman said, "since his wife Margery died. She was Margery Dimsdale, a sweet, pretty creature. But her heart wasn't in the marriage—'twas given to another, and they say Dick Stone knew as how he'd been cheated of her love. I remember Dick Stone merry. But Margery died when Dolly was born, and he's been a glum man ever since."

"How was it that she didn't love him?" asked Mr. Jones, who was ever interested in the country tales and could not have enough of them."

"Well, sir, 'twas that good-for-naught Jack Trelawney that won the maid's heart. You'll have heard of him, perhaps, in the town. They say he's greatly talked of and that the Prince can't live without him, and is the finest of gentlemen that was poor Susan Trelawney's child. Susan was a harmless woman and knew a deal about herbs and suchlike, and was downright set on that child, as though she had to make up to him for giving him no father. A handsome, proud boy; and none of us wondered when Squire Alvanley, after he had buried Master Hugh, took Susan's child to rear him as a gentleman."

"If he had had his rights," said Mr. Jones, gloomily, "he could have lived at the Place as the Alvanleys did, an honest country-gentleman's life. 'Twas a late atonement of the Squire's."

"Your Honour has heard the story?"

"A man can't be long at Rosegarland without hearing of the Alvanleys and the last of them, who is a bottle-holder to the Prince and has no name, although the Town cuts its coat by his and fears his frown more than God Almighty's. A poor thing to have come to, the arbiter of fashions, the oracle of assembly-rooms, the autocrat of petticoats and periwigs. The Alvanleys were soldiers and sailors and statesmen."

"They say he is brave and good-hearted," Mrs. Lumley said, wondering at Mr. Jones's heat. "And the Prince loves him."

"He has a few foolish feats to his name. He rode his horse, poor beast, up the steps of his father's town-house, and leaped him from a window over a coachful of ladies. He walked to Jerusalem for a wager and played ball against the walls. Fine doings, surely! As for the Prince, why, if it comes to that, Jack is no worse than his master, but rather better. His love is a poor thing that no man, or woman either, is much the better of."

"Why, that is true," said Mrs. Lumley, thinking on the Princess, who, if she was light, had been ill-treated.

"The grass grows up to the windows of the Place," Mr. Jones went on, with the same gloomy air. "The peacocks are dead that used to scream on its terraces: the basin where the gold-fish swam is broken and the water dried up. The gardens are a wilderness: the rooms moulder to decay. A goddess lies on her face by the steps of the hall-door."

"You have seen the Place?"

"I went there yesterday. The old chimneys between the fresh green of the trees made me curious. And so this ill-fated brat of the Alvanleys broke a sweet country-maid's heart."

"He forgot that ever he'd broken a sixpence with her when

Squire Alvanley, being childless, remembered Susan Trelawney's son. 'Twas no worse than that, your Honour."

"And Margery's child lived?"

"As good and bonny a maid as any in the county. Many lads go courting at Redstreak Farm, for all that Dick Stone's not such good company."

A few days later, Mr. Jones came back from one of his long, solitary walks, and entered the kitchen of "The Spotted Lamb" with so blithe a step that Mrs. Lumley, who was making cowslip-wine, looked up at him in wonder.

"Your Honour has liked the walk?" she said.

"It is a land of apples and roses," he said, "and I have drunk milk from the hands of Hebe herself. I should be a sour fellow to complain."

"Your Honour looks well on it. Ten years have rolled off your age since the day the 'Flying Mercury' left your Honour at my door."

"Why, I have been bathing my face in May-dew. How old would you take me to be, Mrs. Lumley? Fifty? Forty-five? Forty? I am no more than forty, and I feel young enough for a bridegroom to a girl of eighteen."

After that he would break into snatches of song as he moved about the house that brought a smile to Mrs. Lumley's lips, for she had grown fond of her lodger—

"Dolly's neck is white as curds,
With a golden freckle or two;
Dolly's voice is like the birds'
In the pastures, in the dew.
Dolly laughs with Prue and Phyllis,
And her laugh's a shower of lilies."

"Lord, what a pretty song, sir!" she said once. "And your Honour's self has a voice like a bird's. You sing as if your heart was in it."

"The song was made," said Mr. Jones, "on a milkmaid that was the sweetest thing the song-maker had ever seen. She was taking butter from a churn, and her arms were stripped high above her elbows, and they were white as the milk. She had a head of black curls with a thought of a pansy in their jet; her eyes, too, were black, but her face was milk and roses. She had two dimples—what would not a woman of fashion have given for them?—and a round, white chin; and she wore a pink wrapper, and, because the day was hot, she had left her neck bare—the sweetest neck! She made the man think on his old love, but she was his old love's daughter; and he loved her, as he had loved her mother, at first sight."

"Pink is Dolly's only wear,
Dolly's eyes are black as sloes;
Dolly's always fresh and fair
From her top-knot to her toes."

He broke again into the cheerful singing.

"The song might have been made on Dolly Stone of Redstreak Farm," said Mrs. Lumley. "But, Lord, 'tis fitter for a lad to make than a man who had wooed the girl's mother. 'Twould be foolishness in a man of his age."

"Lads don't know how to love," said Mr. Jones, frowning. "They are in love with their own image, like the golden Hyacinthus. It takes an older man to love."

He went away then and sang no more for the day. But the next day he was singing again. And presently, coming in on Mrs. Lumley as she was making a candy of May-blossoms, he nearly made the good woman drop her pan with its fragrant contents, so surprised was she at the fineness of his appearance.

He was dressed in pearl-grey silk, with lace ruffles and jewelled buttons. He had silk stockings and shoes with red heels to them, and his three-cornered hat was worn rakishly. Nor did his clothes look too gay for his years, for some magic of the sweet country had brought a subtle alteration in the man. The crow's-feet had passed away from his eyes, and they were bright as though he had washed them in euphrasy. His cheeks, which had the stain of wine in them, had grown clear since he had lived plainly.

"Well!"

He smiled at the good woman's open-mouthed admiration.

"You are like a bridegroom, sir."

"Well, who knows but that I may be one before the summer is old?"

He went off twirling his cane and singing: and the same song was on his lips perpetually in the weeks that followed while the sweet spring turned round to summer—

"Dolly dabbles fingers brown
In the whitest milk that flows;
Dolly wears a rosy gown,
Smells of roses as she goes."

It was always Dolly: always and for ever Dolly.

It was not long before the gossip of the village came to Mrs. Lumley, and she knew that the Dolly of the song was the Dolly of Redstreak Farm. It seemed that Mr. Jones had made friends with glum Dick Stone, who was well pleased that his daughter should marry a gentleman. And about the girl herself no one seemed to know. Young Oliver Buckenham of Meadowsweet Farm had been courting her before Mr. Jones came; but now they had quarrelled, and no one thought it strange that she should have thrown over Oliver for her splendid new lover, although he was middle-aged.

And, for the matter of that, he grew younger every day, although he could not hope to have the smooth cheek and thick yellow hair of a lad like Oliver. Yet Oliver grew old while his fortunate rival grew young, and sang no more to his team of horses nor as he mowed the hay.



[DRAWN BY W. D. ALMOND.]

He joined in the chorus of "The Jolly Farmer's Boy" as though he had been a countryman born.

"AT 'THE SPOTTED LAMB.'"

One day, when Mr. Jones was absent, as he usually was the greater part of the day, two gentlemen rode up to "The Spotted Lamb" and asked if such a one, describing him, had lodgings in the village.

"It will be Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Lumley. "If your Honours would be pleased to wait. He generally returns about this hour."

The gentlemen gave their horses to be fed and watered, and while they waited for Mr. Jones they ordered and consumed a meal of Mrs. Lumley's cold roast beef and fresh garden salad with home-brewed ale: and were so free with their money and so finely dressed and had such a way with the serving-maids of the house that the good woman set them down in her mind as highwaymen.

When Mr. Jones came in suddenly upon them, his eyes flashed and the old gloom fell upon his face, and when they cried out, laughing, that at last they had run him to earth, he fell to swearing at them so that Mrs. Lumley shut the door hastily, for Mr. Jones had been so gentle in speech that she had sometimes doubted that he was a man of fashion, and his new violence troubled her.

For more than two hours there was the sound of much argument from the parlour, and Mrs. Lumley learned, because there was a cupboard in her store-closet adjoining where the wall was thin, that they were trying to prevail upon Mr. Jones to go with them, urging upon him that someone whose name she could not catch was inconsolable without him. But to that Mr. Jones answered bitterly that that person had no loyalty to anyone, except in so far as he or she ministered to his pleasures. Moreover, that he was tired of that person's insolence, being a better man than he; that he had loved him once, but loved him no longer, and, finally, that he would never return.

The two gentlemen rode away at sundown, calling to Mr. Jones, who stood bareheaded in the road to see them go, that he would soon tire of his stay in Arcady and come back to town; and he was gloomy for that evening. But the next day he was as merry as ever, and for many days following.

His clothes had come down from town, many chests of them, by the coach, and he hardly ever seemed to wear the same suit two days running. His attire was the delight and admiration of the village.

One day, as he passed out he paused, and asked Mrs. Lumley if she remembered what she had said about the song of Dolly and him that made it, and how it was fitter for a lad than a mature man.

"Do you think still," he asked, "that she would prefer a rustic lad in homespuns, with hay in his hair and smelling of his occupations, before a town gallant?"

"Why, it would depend, sir, on whether she had a true heart," said Mrs. Lumley, simply.

"Might not her heart be true to the gallant as well?" he asked; and then went out without waiting for an answer.

Being a lover, he was a creature of whims and moods; and the evening following he came in with a dejected air and put his hand on Mrs. Lumley's shoulder. "You were right," said he, "when you said that the clock of Time could never be turned backward. If I could make a bargain to sell my soul to get my youth back, I would do it."

"Don't say such things, sir," pleaded Mrs. Lumley, almost tearfully. "As for talking about the clock of Time, that I never did. I leave such things to my betters."

It was now the time when the wild roses hung all the hedgerows, and the faint, sweet scent of them was like wine in the air. The honeysuckle, too, was out, golden as honey and as sweet; and the rank sweetness of the elder-blossom was everywhere. The hay lay new in the meadows, and the corncrake was silent at last in the moonlit nights. The time of the nightingale was over, and soon the year would be sober and would carry the air of a matron, although she was now in the flush of youth.

And Mr. Jones had the air of a triumphant lover. He and Dolly were to be made man and wife in July; and everyone seemed to have forgotten Oliver Buckenham, except Mrs. Lumley, who had a compassionate heart and had come on the lad face downward in the honeyed swathes of the hay one day as she took the short-cut by Wood End to the village of Farley.

"Shall we have a hauling home of the bride to 'The Spotted Lamb,' your Honour?" she asked of Mr. Jones.

He went with his head so much in the air those days that it might well be he had thought of nothing so practical as the roof that was to cover himself and his bride. But he had thought of it, and a fine sensation there was when it was known that Alvanley Place had come into his hands and was to be made ready for Dick Stone's daughter. Many people, though they had liked pretty Dolly, thought it little short of a scandal that she was to sit in old Madam Alvanley's seat.

There were others who said that Dick Stone had got more joy of the marriage than his daughter, and that pretty Dolly's roses were withering. But if it was so her infatuated lover knew nothing of it.

"Dolly's mouth's a string of pearls,
Damask roses on her cheek;
Mid her dimples and her curls
Love himself plays hide-and-seek."

The song of Dolly was for ever on his lips; but Mrs. Lumley smiled no longer. She had never known good to come of such unequal marriages, and the memory of Oliver Buckenham's attitude, as though he lay on the rack, troubled her.

One morning, in the dews and scents of the hour before dawn, she heard a horse clattering furiously through the village.

"It will be Mrs. Stiles at the Leas," she said to herself, "and John Stiles is riding for the midwife. I pray the poor soul may not be mortal bad, he rode at such a rate."

But it was not Mrs. Stiles, for John Stiles was in for his beer next morning and reported his wife still up and doing.

Mr. Jones went off as usual about half-an-hour before noon, walking on air, said the gossips, who leant through the door of "The Spotted Lamb" to look after him.

About twelve o'clock there was another sensation, for a magnificent coach, with postilions, and footmen, drove up to "The Spotted Lamb," and the postilions, and footmen, and coachmen all had powdered heads and were dressed in liveries of scarlet fine enough for a Duke or the Lord Mayor of London.

One gentleman rode in the coach. He wore no powder, but his head of curls fell about his handsome, fleshy face: and his clothes were even finer than Mr. Jones had made them used to at "The Spotted Lamb."

Mrs. Lumley went out, all curtsies, to the side of the coach. The gentleman asked for Mr. Jones, and was told he was out; he then asked if he might have a private sitting-room to await his return.

"The Spotted Lamb," and, indeed, the village for the matter of that, was all in a flutter. The servants who came with the coach soon told the name of their master. Mrs. Lumley was quite overcome, and vowed that nothing would induce her to enter the parlour where he waited, because she would surely faint on approaching him.

So she had hartshorn to her nose, and in the safe hiding-place of the store-closet lay back in a chair listening to the impatient pacing to and fro of those august feet.

At last word was brought to her that Mr. Jones was returning. She hastened out as fast as her trembling feet would carry her to warn him of who awaited him. But he passed her by without a word. What had come to him? The good woman could have screamed outright at his face, that put even her news out of her head.

It was fallen in a mass of haggard lines and shadows. If ever Despair sat on a face, it sat there. Although he would not wait for her to speak, he walked slowly and heavily. His white silk coat was stained, as though he had lain with it in the grass before the dews were dried. The laces at his wrists were torn and dangled in a few shreds. Blood trickled down his chin, where he had bitten his lip through.

"Lord love your Honour, what has happened to you?" she cried.

He went on as though he had not heard her, and passed within the parlour, whence so often she had heard the song of Dolly.

The door closed slowly. She heard the shout inside—

"Why, Jack, I have come for you!"

She flew to the store-closet and laid her ear to the wall—a day or two before she had discovered a tiny hole where a knot of wood had fallen out.

"I spoke in anger, but now I withdraw it. Dear Jack, the wine is sour without you. There is no one to set the table in a roar. Almack's is deserted. The pretty women are inconsolable. Come back with me to the town. You look as though you were tired of your country whim."

"I will go where you like"—Mr. Jones's voice had the strangest sound of suffering. "Only let me make a hasty toilet. I am not fit to be seen with your Highness."

"You won't escape me again? Then I shall let you go. Upon my honour, Jack, I was deucedly sorry I said it. I can't make excuses even to you, though I love you, man. It shall not occur again, I promise you, on the word of a Prince."

"I had forgotten it, I assure your Highness."

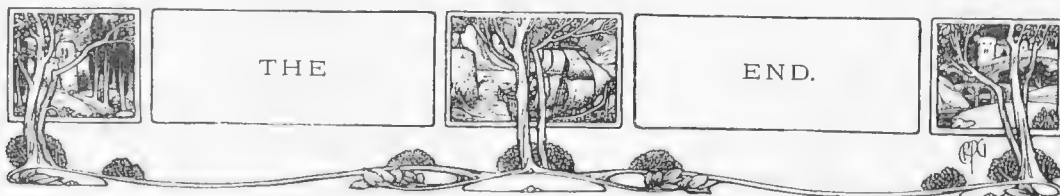
The voice of utmost dejection brought the tears to Mrs. Lumley's kind eyes.

An hour later the splendid coach was again at the door of "The Spotted Lamb." Mr. Jones had clad himself again in the sober fineness of his early days. The blood was washed from his lip. He looked no more now than careworn and old.

Mrs. Lumley was in tears. Mr. Jones was coming back no more. A man would be sent to fetch away his belongings. He had left more gold on the table than would pay for a year's lodging, and Mrs. Lumley did not care to take it up.

Just at the last he paused in the narrow inn-passage where the great person preceded him, and turned aside into the little brown parlour. There had been stocks and gillyflowers when he came. There were now Mary lilies and the last of the roses. A sheaf of lilies in the brown room was sharp as the flash of an angel's sword.

"After all," he said, "you were wise, you kind soul. She chose the lad, and rode with him at daybreak. Good-bye." He kissed her cheek and was gone.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



At last we are, it appears, really to see that often announced, plentifully paraphrased, and frequently delayed "Madame Sans-Gêne" comic opera, lately re-named "The Duchess of Dantzic." Just as *The Sketch* was going to press, Mr. George Edwardes had decided to produce this comic opera at the Lyric to-night (Wednesday). Since his last postponement of the piece,

follow "The Medal and the Maid" at the Lyric, Mr. Edwardes made an arrangement with him for the Hamilton-Caryll opera, and engaged that skilful ex-acting provincial manager, Mr. Robert Courtneidge, to stage it for him. This left Mr. Edwardes free to devote all his energies to his new play for the New Gaiety, namely, "The Orchid Hunt," which the brilliant young "producer," Mr. Sydney Ellison, is producing for Mr. Edwardes.

To-morrow (Thursday) night Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry will try at Nottingham a new drama, entitled (at present) "The Scarlet Pimpernel." These two popular and powerful players have, I learn, fine histrionic opportunities as a French heroine and English hero respectively. The period of the play is the same as that of the first Act of "Madame Sans-Gêne," namely, 1792. The costumes are to be very beautiful. If this new play is sufficiently successful, Mr. and Mrs. Terry will bring it to London in the course of a few months.

Having had a good strong dose of Tolstoy upon the English stage (for Mr. Tree is still running several "Resurrection" Companies), we are now threatened with some powerful dramatic concoctions of the novels of the gloom-gathering Maxim Gorki (as he calls himself for literary purposes). The first Gorki dramatisation due in our midst is by Mr. Laurence Irving and is entitled "In the Lower Depths." It is probable that the first "regular" theatrical production of "In the Lower Depths" will be given by the Stage Society at its next Sabbath evening play-production. I have warrant, however, for saying that, before the Stage Society produces this play, a more secret performance will be given. It will, however, be a more effectual performance as regards securing the English copyright.

This English copyright, and likewise the American and certain Continental rights of "In the Lower Depths," are vested in Herr Julius Walther, the celebrated singer of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Before embarking with Sir Henry Irving for America last Saturday (the 10th inst.), Mr. Laurence Irving delivered his English "script" of Gorki's play, which deals mainly with the eternal drink-question, substituting, of course, vodka for whisky.



MISS PHYLLIS BLAIR, WHO IS TO PLAY THE COUNTESS OF ANSTRUTHER IN "THE ORCHID HUNT," AT THE NEW GAITY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker-Street, W.

namely, from Saturday to the date now named, Mr. Edwardes has made sundry changes in the cast. This cast is now particularly strong, and includes Mr. Denis O'Sullivan as Sergeant Lefebvre (afterwards the husband of "Madame Sans-Gêne" and Duke of Dantzic), Mr. Courtice Pounds as Papillon (at first a pedlar and afterwards Court Milliner), Mr. Holbrook Blinn as Lieutenant (afterwards Emperor) Bonaparte, and the dashing and melodious Miss Evie Greene as the "Sans-Gêne" laundress, Caroline Upscher, subsequently Duchess of Dantzic. The first Act takes place in 1792, and the remaining two Acts in 1807. There will, I find, be some very beautiful scenery, especially the "sets" representing the Gardens of the Palace of Fontainebleau, the Tuileries, and the Throne-room. So far as I have heard the piece (and I first knew it a long while ago), both Mr. Henry Hamilton's libretto and Mr. Ivan Caryll's music promise well.

This "Sans-Gêne" opera, it may be mentioned, has, like the human race, had its ups and downs, especially the latter. When it was first mooted, Sir Henry Irving, then playing Napoleon in the adaptation of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," with Miss Ellen Terry in the name-part, not unnaturally objected to have an opera put up with the same name, as then appeared to be proposed. In due course, when Sir Henry waived these objections on condition that the piece was re-named, there were fresh negotiations from time to time regarding Messrs. Hamilton and Caryll's work. In most of these negotiations it was understood that Miss Florence St. John would impersonate the singing "Sans-Gêne." But also from time to time these negotiations came to naught, and until a few months ago the opera seemed likely to remain among the vast number of completed but unproduced plays. But, as Mr. Tom B. Davis had not yet settled for a new musical play to



A BEAUTY FROM POSTER-LAND.

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KEY-NOTES

THE Promenade Concerts have recently been distinguished by the production of a great many novelties. That, of course, is owing to Mr. Wood's influence, who at no time discourages the music of young men, but at all times rather insists upon bringing out that which is best in the work of the new generation. The other night, for example, brought forward no less than three new works, in which was included a series of songs by Mr. Rutland Boughton. Mr. Joseph Suk's "Fairy Tale" and a new work by Mr. Nicholas Gatty were also given. Mr. Nicholas Gatty is clever and ingenious; Mr. Boughton is rather on the side of patriotism, and the moment when a man takes up a political side, no matter whether he be right or wrong, it means generally the failure of his art. Art comes from within, not from without, as Sullivan discovered when he wrote his ballet "Victoria and Merry England." Sullivan in "Patience" was a most admirable artist; Sullivan, posing as a patriot, remained a delightful artist of orchestration, but he somewhat dropped the delicacy of his musical inspiration.

Joseph Suk's new work—or rather, new to this country—is extremely clever, and for the moment, of course, succeeds by reason of that cleverness. The only difficulty in the way of its lasting endurance is the fact that it does not bear upon its pages the seal of authenticity. It is the kind of work about which men will read a hundred years hence and somewhat wonder why the composer belonged so much to his own time. Mr. Boughton's "Three Songs of the English" are set to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's vaunting words, and for this first time were they sung by Mr. Ffrangcon Davies. The songs, frankly, are not youthful enough for the words, and are, despite all their ambition, rather insignificant. Mr. Kipling poses, perhaps, in these verses rather as a Job deploring his lot than as a David clamouring for victories through the Arm of the Lord. The ancient Hebrew who believed thoroughly that his own nation was guided by the will and desire of the Almighty so impressed the world that, at the present day, multiform idolatry does not practically exist. And Mr. Kipling has a special worship of his own; it is the worship of that which leads a particular and specialised army to victory. Mr. Boughton, we fear, does not in any degree realise that strong though borrowed form of sentiment.

Wagner nights at the Queen's Hall are weird and wonderful things. They attract people in a sort of indefinite way who would otherwise never dream of sitting down, or, for the matter of that, standing up, during hours of music and smoke. But, somehow, from the suburbs they seem to drift into the Queen's Hall on these occasions, drawn, as it were, by a magnet. If only Wagner could have seen the vision of these most intelligent and enthusiastic crowds who flock to hear the works, not as he projected them, but as he orchestrated them in sections, it is most improbable that he would not have taken the keenest pleasure in the spectacle, despite all his theoretical writings.

The art of Madame Ella Russell, both on the concert-platform and upon the operatic stage, has long been known, yet her voice still remains youthful and fresh. In various Colonies she has been a tremendous success, and in England she ranks probably (after

Madame Albani) as the greatest soprano oratorio singer of these days. Madame Albani, of course, retains her right by reason of many achievements in the past. Madame Ella Russell, however, is to be congratulated upon more than one sort of achievement. She is not only a great oratorio artist, she is also a dramatic artist of distinction; and, in particular, the *prima donna* part in "Le Pêcheur des Perles" suits her to a nicety. Her Santuzza, her Marguerite, and other rôles of desired distinction among sopranis have marked her accomplishment in them as a singer and as an actress of very considerable importance in the present roll-call of artists.

On Saturday afternoon, at the Queen's Hall, an orchestral concert given by Miss Marie Hall drew an extremely large audience. In a very brief period of time, this young player, if she has not reached the highest point in the art of violin-playing, at all events has accomplished the art of drawing large gatherings to hear her play. She was, on this occasion, inclined to forget the higher qualities of her art and to substitute baser metal for the gold which she evidently was fitted to give to us. That was a somewhat sad artistic mistake, and yet her playing of Vieuxtemps' Concerto No. 1 in E Major (Op. 10)

showed that she had made distinctly an advance in temperament, although, as has been said, she cannot by any means be said yet to have accomplished, save in technique, the higher achievements of her art. She is, without any question, an extraordinary wizard by reason of the fact that she must have practised intensely to have reached her present point of accomplishment; but one may practise day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, and yet not reach the higher levels of art which belong only to those intimate feelings which the artist alone understands, and which the artist alone regards as worthy of expression. Still, Miss Hall has so much in her favour that one may trust that, within a few years, she may learn that which she at present lacks, and that she may do

that which at present is obviously out of her power. The years will come which will teach her greater breadth, greater gentleness of tone, and greater insight into the meaning of her instrument, which at present she is inclined to treat somewhat in the spirit of the juggler who throws his dishes into the air and catches them again to the loud applause of the multitude. Still, since she was first heard on the platform she has vastly improved in this respect, and it may very well be that in time we shall be able to acclaim her not only as a great virtuoso, but even—may one say?—as a great artist.

We are now just over the edge of the Birmingham Festival, although comments upon the performances must be reserved until next week. The greatest event will certainly be the production of Dr. Elgar's new work, and I am told that every seat in the Town Hall has already been appropriated; no such excitement has certainly existed in the Midland town, from a musical point of view, since the production of "Elijah." It is extraordinary to find with what celerity Elgar's popularity has recently developed. For a long time he almost languished unknown; but his steady determination to work, and his wonderful technical knowledge, combined with a very high poetical inspiration, have at last met their reward. On the whole, it may be said that the gods have been as kind to Elgar as they were unkind to Schubert and to Mozart.

COMMON CHORD.



MADAME ELLA RUSSELL IN "LE PÊCHEUR DES PERLES."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



Trials at Southport—Oldsmobiles—Hotel Charges—Clothes.

WHETHER Southport, Lancashire, will become the Nice of England, from an automobile point of view, is a question just now agitating the Municipality and all those automobilists who take an interest in speed-machines. The late two days' trials for touring and speed cars, organised at that favourite Northern watering-place by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and the

their guests, and even went so far as to suggest to the Automobile Club that the accepted fee should be five shillings per night. But this was in the Eastern counties.

The air grows chill indeed night and morning now, and I would remind my readers who may go a-motoring in the middle of the day that, in order to make the return journey in comfort—nay, with safety to health very often—it is necessary to take thought as to adequate clothing and protection against chill. The garments worn must be wind-resisting, and so made that currents of air cannot find their way up the arms or down the neck. Amongst the best and most comfortable motoring-garments I have yet seen are what are known amongst motoring folk as "Burberrys," which, made of Gabardine and lined with wool, are absolutely weather and wind proof. It must always be borne in mind that, unless properly protected against the cold, there is no place where dangerous chills can be more readily contracted than aboard a motor-car.

Mr. Stanley Spencer, whose aerial flights over London are attracting so much attention, is one of a trinity of brothers famous not only as daring aeronauts, but also as manufacturers of air-ships and balloons of all sorts and sizes. It will be remembered that in the summer of last year Mr. Spencer motored his way over London successfully. Then, however, he used a motor of far less power than that which drives his present vessel. Waiting for the air-ship has become one of London's most popular amusements, and though disappointment has resulted on more than one occasion, Mr. Spencer himself is not by any means discouraged, since he has undoubtedly made a distinct advance in solving the problem of flight.



TWO ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORISTS: MRS. H. V. ESMOND (MISS EVA MOORE) AND MASTER JACK ESMOND.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

undoubted success that attended them, would seem to answer the question in the affirmative, although I really feel that the contests must in future be arranged in such wise that there is something like apparent competition to interest the many-headed. Of the eighty or ninety thousand people who lined the well-kept course on the 3rd inst., not one was stirred to anything like enthusiasm, except by the finishes provided by Jarrott and Iden in the tourist classes, and Edge and Hutton with their racers.

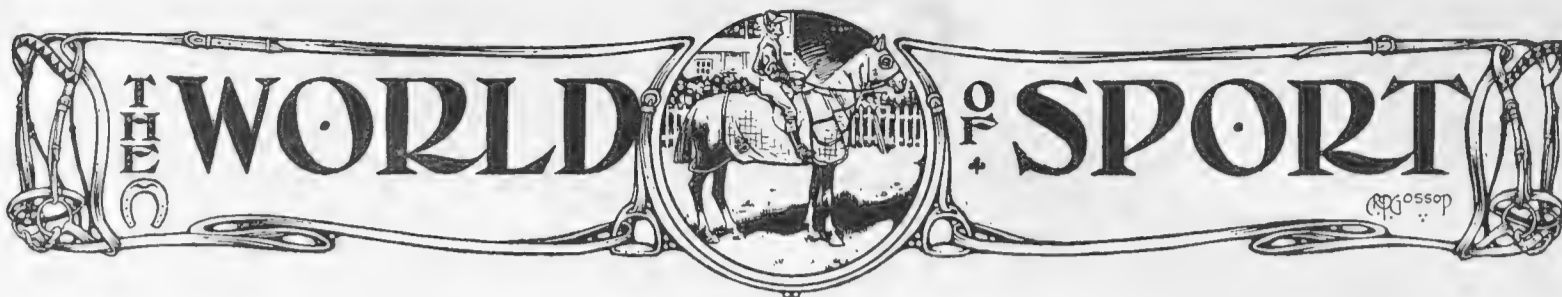
The success which attended both the Oldsmobiles in the late reliability trials is remarkable, particularly when it is remembered that one of them met with a severe accident on its way to the Palace—tried to "knock 'em in the Old Kent Road" by affecting to swarm a lamp-post—and yet this car went through with loss of very few marks. Those losses were sustained mostly for punctured tyres, a loss which, to my mind, should not be debited against the car, but should appear in a separate column in the reliability certificates. I believe the Oldsmobiles are the lowest-priced cars to have run through the trials. So proud is Mr. N. M. Letts of the performances of these two vehicles that he is keeping them on view at 45, Great Marlborough Street, in order that the public may satisfy themselves that, in driving these cars, there is really nothing to watch but the road.

The more one motors about the country, the more easily one concludes that the average hotel-proprietor is convinced that a man driving a motor-car is good for at least twenty-five per cent. of overcharge all round. Moreover, absurd fees are frequently asked for the poorest kind of shelter overnight, and, though they have not stirred a finger in connection with any work on the car, the loafers about the hotel-yard will be found very much on the look-out for tips. For the man who girds at these overcharges, the only remedy is to ask for the hotel-tariff and if any charge is made for car-storage before he puts up. In some instances, hotel-proprietors seemed to perceive a golden harvest in the revenue to be obtained for storing the cars of



MR. STANLEY SPENCER (THE DARING NAVIGATOR OF THE AIR) WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

Photograph by the Art Reproduction Company.



Newmarket—Reporters—Objections—Jumping—World-wide.

AS Royalty is well represented at Newmarket this week, there should be a big attendance on each of the four days. The Cesarewitch will, as usual, evoke plenty of interest, although many owners have deferred placing their commissions until the eleventh hour. The hope of Newmarket is Zinfandel, who has had a half-hearted preparation. However, Captain Beatty is satisfied with the colt, and the Captain has taken a nice little bet about his chance. I think the first three places will be filled by Zinfandel, Lord Rossmore, and Gourgaud. The Cheveley Stakes should be won by Mary Belle, Fiancée ought to win the Brethby Post Stakes, His Majesty may capture the Lowther Stakes with Mead, and Huntly ought to capture the Prendergast Stakes. The field for the Middle Park Plate will include some of the smartest two-year-olds in training. Pretty Polly must be my choice, as she is the best form of the year. St. Amant is very likely to get a place.

I am sorry to hear that some of the sporting reporters continue to lose money by backing the good things. There can be no doubt whatever that the gentlemen of the Press pay dearly for possessing too much information about five races out of six. The trainers, with little ducks that are, when viewed through their own green spectacles, "very big geese," fancy they are doing the Knights of the Pencil a kindness by urging them to get on; but the result is oftener than not disastrous, and to show how it is possible for trainers to err I have only to relate a story once told to me by the late H. B. Bromhead. A certain trainer owned six jumpers and he tried the lot, with the result that one finished the length of a street in front of the rest. The horse was entered in a selling-race at Four Oaks, and all the trainer's friends and the Pressmen were on it. The animal in question finished a long way last in a field of five, and ever after poor Bromhead drew the line at trainers' tips.

The Postman's Knock case has caused no end of bickering in racing circles, the Committee of the Newmarket Subscription Rooms having decided that the backers of the horse must lose, although, by the showing of the Jockey Club, he had no chance of winning the Moderate Plate at Alexandra Park. I take it the ruling of the Committee is altogether wrong, and could not, under any circumstances, be upheld, as the first law of betting says you cannot lose if you have no chance to win. The case must bear heavily either on the backer or the bookmaker, but the latter must be the sufferer. I should like to see the names of the members of the Committee who adjudicated and to learn whether the verdict was unanimous or not. I am told that a well-known sporting journalist has been elected a member. He ought to be able to put his brother members right on a matter which is so vital to the interests of betting.

I am told the Duke of Westminster has had plenty of practice at riding horses over fences of late, and that his Grace may be often seen in the saddle this winter in National Hunt flat-races and steeplechases. Mr. William Bass is going to run some steeplechasers, and Lord Dudley has a few jumpers in training in Ireland. His Majesty the King will, as a matter of course, try to win the Grand National once more with his smart chaser Ambush II., who is very well just now. I believe Anthony thought he had the race won just before reaching the last fence this year, which fact provoked the following remark from a witty Hibernian, "Bedad, but the last fence should be done away with, shure!" Anyway, on the theory of

horses for courses, which synchronises closer at Aintree than elsewhere, Ambush II. would attract a big following if sent to the post fit and well. Altogether, the prospects of a fine National Hunt season are very apparent.

The Sketch must circulate all over the wide, wide world, as I get letters from all parts of the globe containing sporting queries and items of interest. A newspaper man sent to me from South Africa early in September to get my finals for the St. Leger telegraphed on the morning of the race, and he said, "You have no end of friends out here who read *The Sketch*." I despatched the finals in due course, and trust the boys did well. I mention this fact to note that very heavy betting takes place throughout South Africa on races run in England, and it is possible for our bookmakers to do a lot of levelling by cable. Indeed, the market changes here are cabled daily to the Cape, and agents in London are all the time advising the Colonial bookies on which horses to pepper and the ones to keep for the book. A big business in Colonial speculation has grown up since the commencement of the War.

CAPTAIN COE.



"Gowfing a' the day, daeing nae wark ava;
Rinning about wi' a bag o' sticks after a wee bit ba'."—OLD SONG REVIVED.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 27.

THE POSITION IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE general position in Capel Court is, as we said last week, still greatly dominated by the fear of Yankee trouble, the receivership of the Shipbuilding Trust, the disclosures already brought to light in the litigation connected therewith, the future of the Steel Trust, and suchlike matters. In the gilt-edged market the feature has been considerable investment-buying, both large and small, which, if it only continues, will in a reasonable time enable the blocks of undigested stock held by "syndicates of bankers" (to use the current high-sounding title) to pass into stronger hands. Kaffirs have been and remain the weakest spot, despite the meeting of the big houses and the various efforts made to stop the rot. As usual in these circumstances, rumour has been busy with the names of several people, including a South African House of the second rank. Should the settlement pass off without disaster there should be a reaction, if only a temporary one.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

Our Rand correspondent sends us the following letter, which for our many readers interested in the East Rand Proprietary and its subsidiaries is bound to be of value. Our correspondent's appreciation of Sir George Farrar is not one whit more enthusiastic than might be expected when dealing with the most popular of the reformers and a hero of the War. Our portrait is from a photograph kindly lent by Mr. E. M. Clarke.

THE FARRAR GROUP OF MINES.

The East Rand group of mines without Sir George Farrar would be "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. Sir George is the dominant spirit of the East Rand, as he has always been since the formation of the Proprietary Company in 1893. Previous to that, the East Rand district was associated with failure. As early as 1889, the Comet Mine, now known to be the least valuable of the four East Rand subsidiaries, was floated, only to meet with the failure which overtook so many mines, since successful, in those primitive days. The whole East Rand in those days was regarded by all, except, perhaps, a few interested, sanguine men, as very doubtful ground.

Sir George (then plain George Farrar) arrived on the Rand while most of Johannesburg was still virgin veldt, he and his brother Sydney being agents for Ruston, Proctor, and Co. and the Sandycroft Foundry Company, well-known English mining-machinery makers. Identifying himself with the purchase of mining claims, Sir George Farrar soon became a conspicuous figure in various Mining Companies, notably the Simmer and Jack and Geldenhuis Estate, of both of which he was for a time Chairman and Managing Director. His interests on the East Rand, along with those of others—particularly Neumann and Company, then represented on the Rand by Mr. Carl Hanau—were merged into the H. F. Syndicate, which in turn passed on its rights to the East Rand Proprietary on its formation in 1893, subject to a lien of 25 per cent. on all profits after a return of 100 per cent. to the East Rand shareholders. Working in conjunction with the Anglo-French group in London, Sir George Farrar has devoted the past ten years largely to the three or four miles of reef controlled by the Company, of which, naturally, he is not a little proud.

In the ten years of its existence, the East Rand Proprietary has passed through many chequered experiences. In the middle of 1894, so little did the public believe in the Company that the shares were as low as 12s. But the turning-point came soon after, and in the following year (the boom year) it began to be known outside official circles that phenomenal assays were being got in the Angelo subsidiary. One story put about at that time was that the late Captain Mein, then manager of the Robinson, after inspecting the Angelo, had pronounced it to be richer than his own mine. The energy and attention of the Proprietary Company were at that time mainly concentrated on the Angelo, which has turned out to be one of the first-rank mines of the Rand. The Comet, although first in the field, had already been relegated to the second rank, while the Driefontein, which was a later creation than either, was still only in the initial stages of development. To-day, the fourth subsidiary, the Cason, may be said to occupy something of the same position in the public mind that the Angelo did in 1895, but it differs from the Angelo of those days in two important respects. It has a large tonnage of ore developed (close upon half-a-million tons), while the financial position of the Company has been placed upon an assured basis.

There was a doubt among mining-men at the start whether the reefs on the East Rand belonged to the Main Reef series, there being an idea that Knight's, which was then lying fallow, marked the termination in an easterly direction of the Main Reef proper; but subsequent investigation and development have long since made it abundantly manifest that what are known on the East Rand as the North and South Reefs are identical with the series familiar under different names on the mines of the Central Rand. On the East Rand the South Reef is the richer of the two, being the principal gold-carrier, and returns in the case of the Angelo a steady 55s. to 58s. a ton. The same reef in the Driefontein gives only a little over 40s., the reef in this mine being wider and the gold consequently more widely distributed, but working-costs are lower. In the New Comet, where the North Reef has been worked, the results have been poorer, the seven months' crushing since the War showing about 38s. a ton. In the Cason, which has not yet reached the crushing stage, the payable ore on both reefs

gives the high average assay-value of 12·80 dwt. Portions of the South Reef are exceedingly rich.

These four subsidiary mines, in which the East Rand Proprietary holds, on an average, about 70 per cent. of the shares, are all on a dividend-paying basis, and the three crushing mines have, indeed, all paid satisfactory dividends. They are all well provided with working capital and have ground enough, now that the deep-level claims have been added, to keep them crushing with large mills for a period of, roughly, twenty years. The Driefontein and Angelo have at present a joint mill of 110 stamps each, and this is being enlarged to fully 200 stamps each. As to the ore-contents of the ground, the proving of the reef by the Angelo Deep assures not only the existence of the reef throughout the East Rand dip, but also makes certain of a large tonnage per claim, owing to the steepness of the dip. The reef in the Angelo Deep was struck practically 800 feet deeper than anticipated, and this means much for the East Rand Proprietary.

Considering all the difficulties of the past ten years, the progress of the East Rand Proprietary, although to the outsider or inexperienced man it may seem slow, has been really most satisfactory, and the net result, as summarised by Sir George Farrar at the recent annual meeting, represents a splendid record. Driving and sinking work for the ten years represent twenty-four miles; three million tons of payable ore have been developed, comparing with about one million tons on Randfontein in a longer period; £3,362,441 has been raised by the Proprietary Company and its subsidiaries for development and equipment; gold has been extracted to the value of two and a-half millions sterling, of which £1,092,165 was profit, and the dividends paid by the subsidiaries amounted to practically half-a-million sterling. Since then, the East Rand Proprietary has declared its first dividend of 25 per cent.

The Proprietary Company has still 392 reef-bearing claims to dispose of, sufficient for two more Companies, which, no doubt, in due time will be formed. Besides the East Rand Proprietary there are a number of less important Companies in the Farrar group, all of them further east, the New Kleinfontein being the most important. This Company lost its entire reduction-plant during the War. Since then the Company has been amalgamated with the Kleinfontein Central, giving it 276 reef-claims. The Kleinfontein in the past paid fair dividends, and with its new battery of 200 stamps, expected to be in full swing in August 1904, it should do even better. The cash in hand is about £400,000, which should be sufficient to bring the Company to the producing stage. The development is satisfactory, about 700,000 tons being opened, showing an average of about 12½ dwt. to the ton, which should return a profit of 12s. 6d. a ton, or, say, roughly, £200,000 per annum. The Benoni, the two Klipfonteins, Chimes West, and one or two others, are not sufficiently proved to be put forward as definitely payable propositions, but, no doubt, with the discoveries being made on the Far East Rand, they have a certain chance of success. The Apex Mines, a freehold farm of 7571 acres not yet proclaimed, comes within the same category, though it has paid a dividend out of its coal.

Investors in the East Rand Proprietary and its subsidiaries may rest assured that the future is on their side. With the settlement of the labour question, their prospects will immediately brighten, and "Georgie" Farrar, as he is affectionately termed by his friends, will do all that human energy can do to bring about a settlement of this disturbing problem. Needless to say, he is a strenuous advocate of the pigtail. His record of the past ten years is the best guarantee of what Sir George Farrar is likely to do in the future. Recently he has found an outlet for some of his superabundant energy in the Legislative Council and as President of the Chamber of Mines, and a new Colony like the Transvaal has ample scope for a man such as he. On the East Rand Proprietary, his lieutenant, Mr. F. Hellmann, the General Manager, is regarded as one of our coming engineers. His working-costs on the various mines at present are not satisfactory, but they must be brought down in the near future. The concentration

of the enlarged plants of the subsidiaries is the work of a master-mind, and the younger school of American engineers are adepts at economical working by this and other means.

CONSOLS.

Investors of all classes in the community are now taking a hand in the Consol Market, and the purchases made day by day are on account of capitalists from every part of Europe. The United States, it may be mentioned, has had quite enough of British Consols for some time to come, and the Yankee financiers who burnt their fingers over the finest security in the world must be wishing that our Government had not been quite so willing to accept their aid in the flotation of the last issues. It may be doubted whether the public will consent to pay more than 90 for Goschens during the present state of all-round unsettlement, so that, while the price has a chance of reaching that round figure, we should say it would stop in the 90 neighbourhood for some little time before fresh supporters came to put it better. There seems little enough chance at the moment of the banks being able to continue to value the lines of Consols in their books at the earlier price of 90, but a further writing-down means, in all probability, a reduction of dividend to shareholders. In a few cases, of course, the step of writing-down has already been taken, but the heroic example set by three leading banks is not being followed by the others. In regard to some of the Scotch banks, we know that the directors of at least one of these institutions have practically settled to reduce the dividend as a set-off to the reduction in the price of Consols, and the dullness of the London Bank market seems to suggest that something of the same policy may be carried out in the Metropolis. Not until the New Year do we see any chance of



SIR GEORGE FARRAR, D.S.O.

Photograph by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

Goschens getting up to, say, 95, the price to which they will probably return in days to come.

PROSPECTS FOR HOME RAILS.

We notice that some of the newspapers are prophesying a return to the Home Railway Market of public interest, and basing their faith upon the extension of investment orders beyond the border of the Consol and its kindred departments. Unhappily, Home Railway stocks take a lot more to move them than Consols do, owing, no doubt, to the limited circle to which they appeal as compared with the Funds. People there are who look upon Home Railway stocks as savouring of a gamble, and who would not buy North-Western stock if it fell to par, whatever the dividend might be. But even those who look at Home Rails as the backbone of their investments are in many cases holding off from purchase, in dread of the increasing competition from electric tramways and light railways of all kinds. They cautiously argue that it is all very well to talk of Great Western Consolidated giving a return of over 4 per cent., but will it be maintained? The traffic returns of the leading lines for the past quarter do not favour optimistic anticipations with regard to the next dividends, although it is admitted that the figures may easily be improved upon during the last three months of the year. Treating that unknown quantity as likely to yield the same results as were achieved in the final half of 1902, we would suggest that the railways were then only on the threshold of economies in working which are now being carried out with more effect and the advantage of experience. Moreover, the Railway Companies are meeting electrical competition upon its own ground, and the notable example in this respect which is set by the North-Eastern will be eagerly watched by other steam undertakings threatened with the light-railway rivalry. If the North-Eastern succeeds, other undertakings will follow its lead in due course, and for ourselves we see no reason why the Home Railway Market should not gradually improve, even though the advance may tarry longer than some of our contemporaries seem to think likely.

THE WOBBLING OF KAFFIRS.

In a situation bristling with perplexity and uncertainty, it is, nevertheless, clear that to sell a bear, or even to sell real shares, in the Kaffir Market at such a time as this, is to run a risk out of the ordinary. The market looks like going to bits, and as though it had hardly a friend left in the City. Any broker will tell you that his clients are growing more tired every account of paying differences, and that, by degrees, the bulls still left are clearing out of their shares in deep disgust. Nobody sees where a rise can come from, unless it be in the solution of the native labour problem, and, as we have pointed out in previous issues, a doubt is raised as to whether the long-looked-for granting of permission for employment of Asiatics will lead to a rise in such a market as the Kaffir Circus has now become. But in that doubt lies all the danger of selling at the present time. The prudent speculator no more thinks of selling after a heavy fall than he does of buying on the top of a sharp rise. By quiet degrees, the magnates are again acquiring the interests that they sold to the public at much higher prices prior to the conclusion of the recent War, and the cheaper they can get shares, the longer will they be content to wait while those shares are being thrown away by disgusted holders. A low level of prices would make an excellent platform from which to start the next Kaffir boomlet, but we should be sorry to have to determine whether even the current reduced quotations are what may be called really cheap. Such shares as Rand Mines, Modders, or East Rands have still a fair margin that they might lose before reaching panic prices, and no one can shut his eyes to the possibility of the decline being carried even further before the inevitable reaction arises which shall put new heart into the Kaffir Market. That such reaction is sure to come can scarcely be controverted, and it may be that the introduction of Chinese labour will form the turning-point of the market's weary dulness. But too much must not be expected of this present year of grace.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

G. W. M.—The Debenture stock has fallen because the security is limited to that of the Northern Central section, which is regarded as increasingly speculative, while the interest on the Preference shares is secured on the whole line.

K. K.—On the face of it, the broker's advice appears sound, but there may be local considerations which make the Rhondda and Swansea Bay shares likely to improve of which we know nothing. We advise you to make some inquiries on the spot through your bankers or friends before acting on the circular.

G. W.—Your letter was answered on the 9th inst.

BAHIA.—The explanation you ask for is contained in the Buenos Ayres Western Report, published since your letter was written. Whether the Bahia Blanca directors will agree is another matter.

ANDY.—Hardebeck and Bornhardt Pref. are about 14s. 6d. buyers. We know of four hundred changing hands at this figure within the last few days.

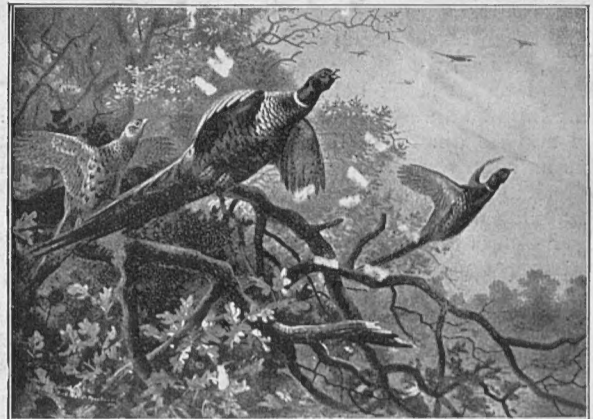
A. E. W.—Your letter was answered on the 5th inst.

FINE-ART PLATES.

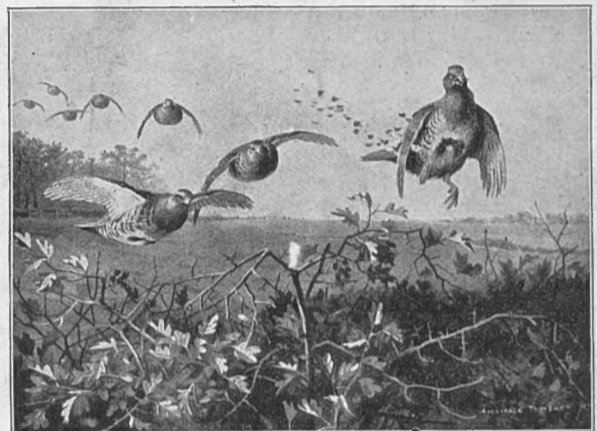
"GAME BIRDS ON THE WING."

After Archibald Thorburn.

A COMPANION SET TO OUR "GAME BIRDS ON THE GROUND."



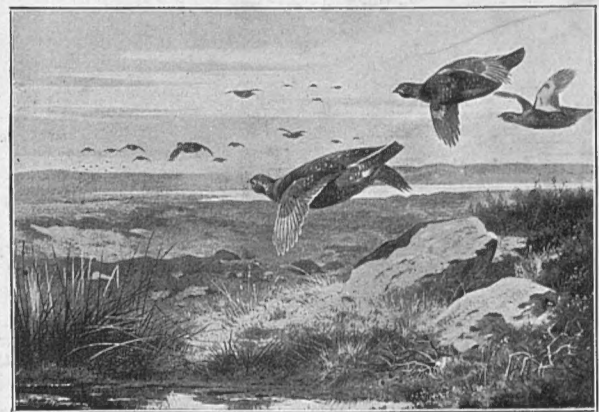
PHEASANTS.



PARTRIDGES.



BLACK GAME.



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